

THE BOOK OF THE MORNINGSTAR

AN UNAUTHORIZED LUCIFERIAN READER

VERSION 1.0



SELECTIONS FROM *THE BIBLE* (700 BCE- 300 CE)

GENESIS 3 (NIV): THE FALL

3 Now the serpent was more crafty than any of the wild animals the Lord God had made. He said to the woman, “Did God really say, ‘You must not eat from any tree in the garden’?”

2 The woman said to the serpent, “We may eat fruit from the trees in the garden, 3 but God did say, ‘You must not eat fruit from the tree that is in the middle of the garden, and you must not touch it, or you will die.’”

4 “You will not certainly die,” the serpent said to the woman. 5 “For God knows that when you eat from it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil.”

6 When the woman saw that the fruit of the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eye, and also desirable for gaining wisdom, she took some and ate it. She also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate it. 7 Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they realized they were naked; so they sewed fig leaves together and made coverings for themselves.

8 Then the man and his wife heard the sound of the Lord God as he was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they hid from the Lord God among the trees of the garden. 9 But the Lord God called to the man, “Where are you?”

10 He answered, “I heard you in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked; so I hid.”

11 And he said, “Who told you that you were naked? Have you eaten from the tree that I commanded you not to eat from?”

12 The man said, “The woman you put here with me—she gave me some fruit from the tree, and I ate it.”

13 Then the Lord God said to the woman, “What is this you have done?”
The woman said, “The serpent deceived me, and I ate.”

14 So the Lord God said to the serpent, “Because you have done this,

“Cursed are you above all livestock
and all wild animals!
You will crawl on your belly

and you will eat dust
all the days of your life.
15 And I will put enmity
between you and the woman,
and between your offspring[a] and hers;
he will crush[b] your head,
and you will strike his heel.”

16 To the woman he said,
“I will make your pains in childbearing very severe;
with painful labor you will give birth to children.
Your desire will be for your husband,
and he will rule over you.”

17 To Adam he said, “Because you listened to your wife and ate fruit from the tree about which I commanded you, ‘You must not eat from it,’

“Cursed is the ground because of you;
through painful toil you will eat food from it
all the days of your life.

18 It will produce thorns and thistles for you,
and you will eat the plants of the field.

19 By the sweat of your brow
you will eat your food
until you return to the ground,
since from it you were taken;
for dust you are
and to dust you will return.”

20 Adam[c] named his wife Eve,[d] because she would become the mother of all the living.

21 The Lord God made garments of skin for Adam and his wife and clothed them. 22 And the Lord God said, “The man has now become like one of us, knowing good and evil. He must not be allowed to reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life and eat, and live forever.” 23 So the Lord God banished him from the Garden of Eden to work the ground from which he had been taken. 24 After he drove the man out, he placed on the east side[e] of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword flashing back and forth to guard the way to the tree of life.

GENESIS 11:1-9 (NIV): THE TOWER OF BABEL

11 Now the whole world had one language and a common speech. 2 As people moved eastward,[a] they found a plain in Shinar[b] and settled there.

3 They said to each other, “Come, let’s make bricks and bake them thoroughly.” They used brick instead of stone, and tar for mortar. 4 Then they said, “Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for ourselves; otherwise we will be scattered over the face of the whole earth.”

5 But the Lord came down to see the city and the tower the people were building. 6 The Lord said, “If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them. 7 Come, let us go down and confuse their language so they will not understand each other.”

8 So the Lord scattered them from there over all the earth, and they stopped building the city. 9 That is why it was called Babel[c]—because there the Lord confused the language of the whole world. From there the Lord scattered them over the face of the whole earth.

ISAIAH 14:12-30 (KJV)

12 How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

13 For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north:

14 I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High.

15 Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.

16 They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms;

17 That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?

18 All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house.

19 But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet.

EZEKIEL 28:12-26 (NIV)

“You were the seal of perfection,
full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.

13 You were in Eden,
the garden of God;
every precious stone adorned you:
carnelian, chrysolite and emerald,
topaz, onyx and jasper,
lapis lazuli, turquoise and beryl.[a]
Your settings and mountings[b] were made of gold;
on the day you were created they were prepared.

14 You were anointed as a guardian cherub,
for so I ordained you.

You were on the holy mount of God;
you walked among the fiery stones.

15 You were blameless in your ways
from the day you were created
till wickedness was found in you.

16 Through your widespread trade
you were filled with violence,
and you sinned.

So I drove you in disgrace from the mount of God,
and I expelled you, guardian cherub,
from among the fiery stones.

17 Your heart became proud
on account of your beauty,
and you corrupted your wisdom
because of your splendor.

So I threw you to the earth;
I made a spectacle of you before kings.

18 By your many sins and dishonest trade
you have desecrated your sanctuaries.

So I made a fire come out from you,
and it consumed you,
and I reduced you to ashes on the ground
in the sight of all who were watching.

19 All the nations who knew you
are appalled at you;
you have come to a horrible end
and will be no more.’”

LUKE 4 (NIV): JESUS IS TESTED IN THE WILDERNESS

4 Jesus, full of the Holy Spirit, left the Jordan and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, 2 where for forty days he was tempted[a] by the devil. He ate nothing during those days, and at the end of them he was hungry.

3 The devil said to him, “If you are the Son of God, tell this stone to become bread.”

4 Jesus answered, “It is written: ‘Man shall not live on bread alone.’[b]”

5 The devil led him up to a high place and showed him in an instant all the kingdoms of the world. 6 And he said to him, “I will give you all their authority and splendor; it has been given to me, and I can give it to anyone I want to. 7 If you worship me, it will all be yours.”

8 Jesus answered, “It is written: ‘Worship the Lord your God and serve him only.’[c]”

9 The devil led him to Jerusalem and had him stand on the highest point of the temple. “If you are the Son of God,” he said, “throw yourself down from here. 10 For it is written:

“‘He will command his angels concerning you
to guard you carefully;

11 they will lift you up in their hands,
so that you will not strike your foot against a stone.’[d]”

12 Jesus answered, “It is said: ‘Do not put the Lord your God to the test.’[e]”

13 When the devil had finished all this tempting, he left him until an opportune time.

REVELATION 12

12 And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars:

² And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.

³ And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.

⁴ And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born.

⁵ And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron: and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne.

⁶ And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.

⁷ And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

⁸ And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.

⁹ And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

¹⁰ And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

¹¹ And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.

¹² Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

¹³ And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.

¹⁴ And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

¹⁵ And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.

¹⁶ And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

¹⁷ And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.

BOOK OF THE WATCHERS (BOOK OF ENOCH 6-10)

CHAPTER 6

And it came to pass when the children of men had multiplied that in those days were born unto them beautiful and comely daughters.

And the angels, the children of the heaven, saw and lusted after them, and said to one another: 'Come, let us choose us wives from among the children of men and beget us children.'

And Semjaza, who was their leader, said unto them: 'I fear ye will not 4 indeed agree to do this deed, and I alone shall have to pay the penalty of a great sin.'

And they all answered him and said: 'Let us all swear an oath, and all bind ourselves by mutual imprecations not to abandon this plan but to do this thing.'

Then sware they all together and bound themselves by mutual imprecations upon it.

And they were in all two hundred; who descended in the days of Jared on the summit of Mount Hermon, and they called it Mount Hermon, because they had sworn and bound themselves by mutual imprecations upon it.

And these are the names of their leaders: Semjaza, their leader, Araklba, Rameel, Kokabel, Tamlel, Ramlel, Danel, Ezeqeel, Baraqijal, Asael, Armaros, Batarel, Ananel, Zaqel, Samsapeel, Satarel, Turel, Jomjael, Sariel. These are their chiefs of tens.

CHAPTER 7

And all the others together with them took unto themselves wives, and each chose for himself one, and they began to go in unto them and to defile themselves with them, and they taught them charms and enchantments, and the cutting of roots, and made them acquainted with plants.

And they became pregnant, and they bare great giants, whose height was three thousand ells: Who consumed all the acquisitions of men. And when men could no longer sustain them, the giants turned against them and devoured mankind.

And they began to sin against birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and fish, and to devour one another's flesh, and drink the blood. Then the earth laid accusation against the lawless ones.

CHAPTER 8

And Azazel taught men to make swords, and knives, and shields, and breastplates, and made known to them the metals of the earth and the art of working them, and bracelets, and ornaments, and the use of antimony, and the beautifying of the eyelids, and all kinds of costly stones, and all colouring tinctures.

And there arose much godlessness, and they committed fornication, and they were led astray, and became corrupt in all their ways.

Semjaza taught enchantments, and root-cuttings, 'Armaros the resolving of enchantments, Baraqijal (taught) astrology, Kokabel the constellations, Ezeqeel the knowledge of the clouds, Araquel the signs of the earth, Shamsiel the signs of the sun, and Sariel the course of the moon.

And as men perished, they cried, and their cry went up to heaven...

CHAPTER 9

And then Michael, Uriel, Raphael, and Gabriel looked down from heaven and saw much blood being shed upon the earth, and all lawlessness being wrought upon the earth.

And they said one to another: 'The earth made without inhabitant cries the voice of their cryings up to the gates of heaven. And now to you, the holy ones of heaven, the souls of men make their suit, saying, "Bring our cause before the Most High."'

And they said to the Lord of the ages: 'Lord of lords, God of gods, King of kings, and God of the ages, the throne of Thy glory (standeth) unto all the generations of the ages, and Thy name holy and glorious and blessed unto all the ages! Thou hast made all things, and power over all things hast Thou: and all things are naked and open in Thy sight, and Thou seest all things, and nothing can hide itself from Thee.

Thou seest what Azazel hath done, who hath taught all unrighteousness on earth and revealed the eternal secrets which were (preserved) in heaven, which men were striving to learn:

And Semjaza, to whom Thou hast given authority to bear rule over his associates. And they have gone to the daughters of men upon the earth, and have slept with the women, and have defiled themselves, and revealed to them all kinds of sins.

And the women have borne giants, and the whole earth has thereby been filled with blood and unrighteousness.

And now, behold, the souls of those who have died are crying and making their suit to the gates of heaven, and their lamentations have ascended: and cannot cease because of the lawless deeds which are wrought on the earth.

And Thou knowest all things before they come to pass, and Thou seest these things and Thou dost suffer them, and Thou dost not say to us what we are to do to them in regard to these.'

CHAPTER 10

Then said the Most High, the Holy and Great One spake, and sent Uriel to the son of Lamech, and said to him: 'Go to Noah and tell him in my name "Hide thyself!" and reveal to him the end that is approaching: that the whole earth will be destroyed, and a deluge is about to come upon the whole earth, and will destroy all that is on it.

And now instruct him that he may escape and his seed may be preserved for all the generations of the world.'

And again the Lord said to Raphael: 'Bind Azazel hand and foot, and cast him into the darkness: and make an opening in the desert, which is in Dudael, and cast him therein. And place upon him rough and jagged rocks, and cover him with darkness, and let him abide there for ever, and cover his face that he may not see light. And on the day of the great judgement he shall be cast into the fire.

And heal the earth which the angels have corrupted, and proclaim the healing of the earth, that they may heal the plague, and that all the children of men may not perish through all the secret things that the Watchers have disclosed and have taught their sons.

And the whole earth has been corrupted through the works that were taught by Azazel: to him ascribe all sin.'

And to Gabriel said the Lord: 'Proceed against the bastards and the reprobates, and against the children of fornication:

and destroy [the children of fornication and] the children of the Watchers from amongst men [and cause them to go forth]: send them one against the other that they may destroy each other in battle: for length of days shall they not have.

And no request that they (i.e. their fathers) make of thee shall be granted unto their fathers on their behalf; for they hope to live an eternal life, and that each one of them will live five hundred years.'

And the Lord said unto Michael: 'Go, bind Semjaza and his associates who have united themselves with women so as to have defiled themselves with them in all their uncleanness.

And when their sons have slain one another, and they have seen the destruction of their beloved ones, bind them fast for seventy generations in the valleys of the earth, till the day of their judgement and of their consummation, till the judgement that is for ever and ever is consummated.

In those days they shall be led off to the abyss of fire: and to the torment and the prison in which they shall be confined forever.

And whosoever shall be condemned and destroyed will from thenceforth be bound together with them to the end of all generations.

And destroy all the spirits of the reprobate and the children of the Watchers, because they have wronged mankind.

Destroy all wrong from the face of the earth and let every evil work come to an end: and let the plant of righteousness and truth appear: and it shall prove a blessing; the works of righteousness and truth shall be planted in truth and joy for evermore.

And then shall all the righteous escape,

And shall live till they beget thousands of children,
And all the days of their youth and their old age
Shall they complete in peace.

And then shall the whole earth be tilled in righteousness, and shall all be planted with trees and be full of blessing.

And all desirable trees shall be planted on it, and they shall plant vines on it: and the vine which they plant thereon shall yield wine in abundance, and as for all the seed which is sown thereon

each measure (of it) shall bear a thousand, and each measure of olives shall yield ten presses of oil.

And cleanse thou the earth from all oppression, and from all unrighteousness, and from all sin, and from all godlessness: and all the uncleanness that is wrought upon the earth destroy from off the earth.

And all the children of men shall become righteous, and all nations shall offer adoration and shall praise Me, and all shall worship Me.

And the earth shall be cleansed from all defilement, and from all sin, and from all punishment, and from all torment, and I will never again send (them) upon it from generation to generation and forever.'

FROM *THE GOSPEL OF TRUTH* (140-180 CE)

It is written in the Law concerning this, when God gave a command to Adam, "From every tree you may eat, but from the tree which is in the midst of Paradise do not eat, for on the day that you eat from it, you will surely die." But the serpent was wiser than all the animals that were in Paradise, and he persuaded Eve, saying, "On the day when you eat from the tree which is in the midst of Paradise, the eyes of your mind will be opened." And Eve obeyed, and she stretched forth her hand; she took from the tree and ate; she also gave to her husband with her. And immediately they knew that they were naked, and they took some fig-leaves (and) put them on as girdles.

But God came at the time of evening, walking in the midst of Paradise. When Adam saw him, he hid himself. And he said, "Adam, where are you?" He answered (and) said, "I have come under the fig tree." And at that very moment, God knew that he had eaten from the tree of which he had commanded him, "Do not eat of it." And he said to him, "Who is it who has instructed you?" And Adam answered, "The woman whom you have given me." And the woman said, "It is the serpent who instructed me." And he (God) cursed the serpent, and called him "devil." And he said, "Behold, Adam has become like one of us, knowing evil and good." Then he said, "Let us cast him out of paradise, lest he take from the tree of life, and eat, and live forever."

But what sort is this God? First he maliciously refused Adam from eating of the tree of knowledge, and, secondly, he said "Adam, where are you?" God does not have foreknowledge? Would he not know from the beginning? And afterwards, he said, "Let us cast him out of this place, lest he eat of the tree of life and live forever." Surely, he has shown himself to be a malicious grudger! And what kind of God is this? For great is the blindness of those who read, and they did not know him. And he said, "I am the jealous God; I will bring the sins of the fathers upon the children until three (and) four generations." And he said, "I will make their heart thick, and I will cause their mind to become blind, that they might not know nor comprehend the things that are said." But these things he has said to those who believe in him and serve him!

THE THUNDER, PERFECT MIND

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE W. MACRAE

I was sent forth from the power,
and I have come to those who reflect upon me,
and I have been found among those who seek after me.
Look upon me, you who reflect upon me,
and you hearers, hear me.
You who are waiting for me, take me to yourselves.
And do not banish me from your sight.
And do not make your voice hate me, nor your hearing.
Do not be ignorant of me anywhere or any time. Be on your guard!
Do not be ignorant of me.

For I am the first and the last.
I am the honored one and the scorned one.
I am the whore and the holy one.
I am the wife and the virgin.
I am <the mother> and the daughter.
I am the members of my mother.
I am the barren one
and many are her sons.
I am she whose wedding is great,
and I have not taken a husband.
I am the midwife and she who does not bear.
I am the solace of my labor pains.
I am the bride and the bridegroom,
and it is my husband who begot me.
I am the mother of my father
and the sister of my husband
and he is my offspring.
I am the slave of him who prepared me.
I am the ruler of my offspring.
But he is the one who begot me before the time on a birthday.
And he is my offspring in (due) time,
and my power is from him.
I am the staff of his power in his youth,

and he is the rod of my old age.
And whatever he wills happens to me.
I am the silence that is incomprehensible
and the idea whose remembrance is frequent.
I am the voice whose sound is manifold
and the word whose appearance is multiple.
I am the utterance of my name.

Why, you who hate me, do you love me,
and hate those who love me?
You who deny me, confess me,
and you who confess me, deny me.
You who tell the truth about me, lie about me,
and you who have lied about me, tell the truth about me.
You who know me, be ignorant of me,
and those who have not known me, let them know me.

For I am knowledge and ignorance.
I am shame and boldness.
I am shameless; I am ashamed.
I am strength and I am fear.
I am war and peace.
Give heed to me.

I am the one who is disgraced and the great one.
Give heed to my poverty and my wealth.
Do not be arrogant to me when I am cast out upon the earth,
and you will find me in those that are to come.
And do not look upon me on the dung-heap
nor go and leave me cast out,
and you will find me in the kingdoms.
And do not look upon me when I am cast out among those who
are disgraced and in the least places,
nor laugh at me.
And do not cast me out among those who are slain in violence.

But I, I am compassionate and I am cruel.
Be on your guard!

Do not hate my obedience

and do not love my self-control.
In my weakness, do not forsake me,
and do not be afraid of my power.

For why do you despise my fear
and curse my pride?
But I am she who exists in all fears
and strength in trembling.
I am she who is weak,
and I am well in a pleasant place.
I am senseless and I am wise.

Why have you hated me in your counsels?
For I shall be silent among those who are silent,
and I shall appear and speak,

Why then have you hated me, you Greeks?
Because I am a barbarian among the barbarians?
For I am the wisdom of the Greeks
and the knowledge of the barbarians.
I am the judgement of the Greeks and of the barbarians.
I am the one whose image is great in Egypt
and the one who has no image among the barbarians.
I am the one who has been hated everywhere
and who has been loved everywhere.
I am the one whom they call Life,
and you have called Death.
I am the one whom they call Law,
and you have called Lawlessness.
I am the one whom you have pursued,
and I am the one whom you have seized.
I am the one whom you have scattered,
and you have gathered me together.
I am the one before whom you have been ashamed,
and you have been shameless to me.
I am she who does not keep festival,
and I am she whose festivals are many.

I, I am godless,
and I am the one whose God is great.

I am the one whom you have reflected upon,
and you have scorned me.

I am unlearned,
and they learn from me.

I am the one that you have despised,
and you reflect upon me.

I am the one whom you have hidden from,
and you appear to me.

But whenever you hide yourselves,
I myself will appear.

For whenever you appear,
I myself will hide from you.

Those who have [...] to it [...] senselessly [...].

Take me [... understanding] from grief.

and take me to yourselves from understanding and grief.

And take me to yourselves from places that are ugly and in ruin,
and rob from those which are good even though in ugliness.

Out of shame, take me to yourselves shamelessly;
and out of shamelessness and shame,
upbraid my members in yourselves.

And come forward to me, you who know me
and you who know my members,
and establish the great ones among the small first creatures.

Come forward to childhood,
and do not despise it because it is small and it is little.

And do not turn away greatnesses in some parts from the smallnesses,
for the smallnesses are known from the greatnesses.

Why do you curse me and honor me?

You have wounded and you have had mercy.

Do not separate me from the first ones whom you have known.

And do not cast anyone out nor turn anyone away

[...] turn you away and [...] know] him not.

[...].

What is mine [...].

I know the first ones and those after them know me.

But I am the mind of [...] and the rest of [...].

I am the knowledge of my inquiry,
and the finding of those who seek after me,

and the command of those who ask of me,
and the power of the powers in my knowledge
of the angels, who have been sent at my word,
and of gods in their seasons by my counsel,
and of spirits of every man who exists with me,
and of women who dwell within me.
I am the one who is honored, and who is praised,
and who is despised scornfully.
I am peace,
and war has come because of me.
And I am an alien and a citizen.

I am the substance and the one who has no substance.
Those who are without association with me are ignorant of me,
and those who are in my substance are the ones who know me.
Those who are close to me have been ignorant of me,
and those who are far away from me are the ones who have known me.
On the day when I am close to you, you are far away from me,
and on the day when I am far away from you, I am close to you.

[I am ...] within.
[I am ...] of the natures.
I am [...] of the creation of the spirits.
[...] request of the souls.
I am control and the uncontrollable.
I am the union and the dissolution.
I am the abiding and I am the dissolution.
I am the one below,
and they come up to me.
I am the judgment and the acquittal.
I, I am sinless,
and the root of sin derives from me.
I am lust in (outward) appearance,
and interior self-control exists within me.
I am the hearing which is attainable to everyone
and the speech which cannot be grasped.
I am a mute who does not speak,
and great is my multitude of words.
Hear me in gentleness, and learn of me in roughness.
I am she who cries out,

and I am cast forth upon the face of the earth.
I prepare the bread and my mind within.
I am the knowledge of my name.
I am the one who cries out,
and I listen.
I appear and [...] walk in [...] seal of my [...].
I am [...] the defense [...].
I am the one who is called Truth
and iniquity [...].

You honor me [...] and you whisper against me.
You who are vanquished, judge them (who vanquish you)
before they give judgment against you,
because the judge and partiality exist in you.
If you are condemned by this one, who will acquit you?
Or, if you are acquitted by him, who will be able to detain you?
For what is inside of you is what is outside of you,
and the one who fashions you on the outside
is the one who shaped the inside of you.
And what you see outside of you, you see inside of you;
it is visible and it is your garment.
Hear me, you hearers
and learn of my words, you who know me.
I am the hearing that is attainable to everything;
I am the speech that cannot be grasped.
I am the name of the sound
and the sound of the name.
I am the sign of the letter
and the designation of the division.
And I [...].
(3 lines missing)
[...] light [...].
[...] hearers [...] to you
[...] the great power.
And [...] will not move the name.
[...] to the one who created me.
And I will speak his name.

Look then at his words
and all the writings which have been completed.

Give heed then, you hearers
and you also, the angels and those who have been sent,
and you spirits who have arisen from the dead.
For I am the one who alone exists,
and I have no one who will judge me.
For many are the pleasant forms which exist in numerous sins,
and incontinencies,
and disgraceful passions,
and fleeting pleasures,
which (men) embrace until they become sober
and go up to their resting place.
And they will find me there,
and they will live,
and they will not die again.

BABYLONIAN TALMUD (~500-600 BCE)

PESACHIM 112B-113A

With regard to the instruction: Do not go out alone at night, the Gemara states that this is as it was taught in a *baraita*: One should not go out alone at night, neither on Tuesday nights nor on Shabbat nights, i.e., Friday nights, because the demon Agrat, daughter of Maḥalat, she and 180,000 angels of destruction go out at these times. And as each and every one of them has permission to destroy by itself, they are all the more dangerous when they go forth together.

The Gemara states: Initially, these demons were present every day. Once Agrat, daughter of Maḥalat, met Rabbi Ḥanina ben Dosa and said to him: Had they not announced about you in the Heavens: Be careful of Ḥanina and his Torah, I would have placed you in danger. He said to her: If I am considered important in Heaven, I decree upon you that you should never travel through inhabited places. She said to him: I beg you, leave me a little space. He left for her Shabbat nights and Tuesday nights.

And furthermore, once Agrat, daughter of Maḥalat met Abaye and said to him: Had they not announced about you in the Heavens: Be careful of Naḥmani, Abaye, and his Torah, I would have placed you in danger. He said to her: If I am considered important in Heaven, I decree upon you that you should never pass through inhabited places. The Gemara asks: But we see that, notwithstanding these anecdotes, demons do pass through inhabited areas. The Sages say in explanation: These demons are found on the paths [*gazyata*] near the city, as horses belonging to the demons flee along those paths, and the demons come to lead them away. Generally, however, demons do not enter inhabited places.

SANHEDRIN 106A

Balaam said to them: The God of these Jewish people despises lewdness, and they desire linen garments, as they have no new garments; come, and I will give you advice. Make for them enclosures using wall hangings and seat prostitutes in them, with an old woman outside the enclosure and a young woman inside, and have the women sell them linen garments.

Balak made for them enclosures using wall hangings from the snow mountain, the Ḥermon, until Beit HaYeshimot, and he sat prostitutes in them, with an old woman outside and a young woman on the inside. And at the time when Jewish people were eating and drinking and were glad and going out to stroll in the marketplace, the old woman would say to a Jew: Aren't you seeking

linen garments? He would enter the enclosure and ask the price, the old woman would quote him a price equal to its value, and the young woman would quote him a price less than its value. That scenario would repeat itself two or three times.

And thereafter she would say to him: You are like a member of our household, sit and choose for yourself the merchandise that you want. And a jug of Ammonite wine was placed near her, and neither Ammonite wine nor gentile wine had been prohibited yet for Jews. She said to him: Is it your wish to drink a cup of wine? Once he drank the wine, his evil inclination burned within him.

He then said to her: Submit to me and engage in intercourse with me. She then removed the idol that she worshipped from her lap and said to him: Worship this. He said to her: Am I not Jewish? I am therefore forbidden from engaging in idol worship. She said to him: And what is your concern? We are asking you to do nothing more than defecate in its presence. But he does not know that its worship is conducted in that manner. Once he did so, she said to him: Moreover, I will not leave you until you deny the Torah of Moses your teacher, as it is stated: “But when they came to Ba’al-Peor they separated themselves to the shameful item; and they became detestable like that which they loved” (Hosea 9:10). They devoted themselves to the disgrace of defecation, and detested the name of God.

With regard to the verse: “And Israel dwelt in Shittim” (Numbers 25:1), Rabbi Eliezer says: Shittim is the name of the place. Rabbi Yehoshua says: It is an allusion to the fact that they were engaged in matters of nonsense [*shetut*], i.e., prostitution and idol worship.

With regard to the verse: “And they called [*vatikrena*] the people to the offerings of their gods” (Numbers 25:2), Rabbi Eliezer says: Naked women encountered them. Rabbi Yehoshua says: They all became those who experienced a seminal emission [*kerayin*] resulting from the lust that they experienced.

Apropos the homiletic interpretation of the names of places, the Gemara asks: What is the connotation of the term Rephidim (see Exodus 19:2)? Rabbi Eliezer says: Rephidim is the name of the place. Rabbi Yehoshua says: It is an allusion to the fact that they enfeebled [*rippu*] themselves with regard to engaging in matters of Torah, as it is stated: “The fathers do not look back to their children from feebleness [*rifyon*] of hands” (Jeremiah 47:3). There too, the connotation of the name is dereliction in the study of Torah.

ALPHABET OF BEN SIRA (APPROXIMATELY 700-100 CE)

78: LILITH

When God created the first man Adam alone, God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." [So] God created a woman for him, from the earth like him, and called her Lilith. They [Adam and Lilith] promptly began to argue with each other: She said, "I will not lie below," and he said, "I will not lie below, but above, since you are fit for being below and I for being above." She said to him, "The two of us are equal, since we are both from the earth." And they would not listen to each other. Since Lilith saw [how it was], she uttered God's ineffable name and flew away into the air. Adam stood in prayer before his Maker and said, "Master of the Universe, the woman you gave me fled from me!"

The Holy Blessed one immediately dispatched the three angels Sanoy, Sansenoy, and Samangelof after her, to bring her back. God said, "If she wants to return, well and good. And if not, she must accept that a hundred of her children will die every day." The angels pursued her and overtook her in the sea, in raging waters, (the same waters in which the Egyptians would one day drown), and told her God's orders. And yet she did not want to return. They told her they would drown her in the sea, and she replied. "Leave me alone! I was only created in order to sicken babies: if they are boys, from birth to day eight I will have power over them; if they are girls, from birth to day twenty." When they heard her reply, they pleaded with her to come back. She swore to them in the name of the living God that whenever she would see them or their names or their images on an amulet, she would not overpower that baby, and she accepted that a hundred of her children would die every day. Therefore, a hundred of the demons die every day, and therefore, we write the names [of the three angels] on amulets of young children. When Lilith sees them, she remembers her oath and the child is [protected and] healed.

FROM *THE ZOHAR* (1557)

VAYETZE CHAPTER 4: SAMAEL AND THE WIFE OF HARLOTRY

23. A deep mystery is found in the strength of Isaac's light OF HOLINESS, and from the dregs of wine, WHICH ARE KLIPOT. One shape emerged FROM BOTH, made of GOOD AND EVIL, male and female, as one. It is red as a rose and extends to many sides and paths, HAVING MANY ASPECTS. The male is called 'Samael' and the female is always included within him. As on the side of holiness, ZEIR ANPIN AND NUKVA ARE ALWAYS INCLUDED ONE WITHIN THE OTHER; so it is on the Other Side, a male and female are included within one another. The female of Samael is called a 'serpent,' "a wife of harlotry," "The End of all Flesh" (Beresheet 6:13), and the end of days.

24. Two evil spirits cling together. THE ILLUMINATION OF the spirit of the male is a thin light, NAMELY, ONLY THE SIX EXTREMITIES WITHOUT THE HEAD. And the spirit of the female materializes in many ways and paths, BEING AN ENTIRE PARTZUF, HEAD, AND BODY, FOR IN THE KLIPAH, THE FEMALE IS LARGER THAN THE MALE. She cleaves to the spirit of the male, wearing ample jewelry like an abominable whore standing on main roads and pathways to seduce men. THIS TEACHES US THAT SHE VALUES ONLY THOSE WHO START WALKING THE PATH OF HASHEM AND ARE APT TO FALL INTO HER TRAP. THEREFORE, SHE IS VIEWED AS STANDING AT THE MAIN (LIT. 'START OF') ROAD TO HASHEM'S DEVOTION. BUT FOR THOSE WHO ARE ACCUSTOMED TO THE WAYS OF HASHEM, THE WHORE IS SEPARATED FROM THEM AND HAS NO POWER OVER THEM.

25. When a fool approaches her, she holds and kisses him, and she pours him wine full of dregs and snake's venom. After he drinks, he whores after her. When she sees him whoring after her and turning from the path of truth, she removes all the decorations she put on for that fool, AS WILL BE EXPLAINED.

26. Her seductive features include her hair, which is red as a rose, and her face, which is white and red. In her ears there are six earrings of Egyptian fabric. On her neck hang all the powers of Eastern lands. Her mouth is decorated by a small slit of a comely shape; her tongue is sharp as a sword; her speech as smooth as oil; and her lips as beautiful and red as a rose. Wearing purple and having forty decorations less one, she is sweeter than all that is sweet in the world.

27. The fool follows her, drinks of her wine, and fornicates with her. What does she do? She leaves him sleeping in his bed, goes up to denounce him, and receives permission TO KILL HIM. She then descends ON HIM. The fool awakes thinking of lusting after her, as before. At this point, she has taken off the decorations and has become a mighty oppressor who wears a

garment of burning fire that causes great horror and frightens the body and soul. That oppressor has horrible eyes and a sharp sword on which there are bitter drops. The oppressor kills the fool and throws him into Gehenom.

ACHEREI MOT: CHAPTER 60

360. After THE DEMONS were born to Adam, he had daughters from these spirits that were similar in beauty to those on high and those below. Therefore, it is written, "The sons of Elohim saw that the daughters of men were fair" (Beresheet 6:2). All were going astray after them. There was one male, who was born to the spirit from the aspect of Cain, and he was named Tuval Cain. A female was born with him. People were going astray after her, and she was called Na'amah. From her came other spirits and demons. They were hovering in the air, revealing matters to the others who were below, IN THE WORLD.

361. This Tuval Cain introduced weaponry to the world, AS HE SHARPENED ALL EARTHENWARE, COPPER AND IRON. While attached to her aspect, this Na'amah used to be in a state of great commotion. She still lives, dwelling among the roars of the great sea. She comes out, sports with people, warms herself by them in a man's dream by his lust, and attaches herself to him. She takes FROM HIM that passion, but not more. From that lust, she becomes pregnant and produces many species OF DEMON in the world.

362. These children, NAMELY DEMONS AND SPIRITS, that she bore to humans are SEEN IN DREAMS to human females who conceive from them and bear spirits. They go to the primordial Lilit and she rears them. She goes out into the world, seeks children, sees humale children and attaches herself to them in order to kill them. Then she joins with the spirits of the children and goes with that spirit. Three holy spirits come. They fly before her, take from her that spirit, place it before the Holy one, blessed be He. There they study before Him.

363. For this reason, the Torah warns people, "You shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and you shall be holy" (Vayikra 11:44). Surely, if a man is holy, he need not fear LILIT. Then the Holy One, blessed be He, designates these three holy angels which we spoke about, and they guard that child, so she cannot harm him. This is the meaning of the verse, "No evil shall befall you, nor shall any come near your dwelling" (Tehilim 91:10). For what reason is it that "no evil shall befall you?" "For He shall give His angels charge over you" (Ibid. 11) and, "Because he has set his delight upon Me, therefore will I deliver him" (Ibid. 14).

364. If a person is not holy, but draws a spirit from the side of defilement, then LILIT comes and plays with the child. If she kills him, she clings to the spirit OF THE CHILD and never lets go. If you ask, What about the others THAT DID NOT DRAW SPIRIT FROM DEFILEMENT? She kills them and there appear before her these three holy SPIRITS who take away his spirit. Behold, these people were never in the side of defilement, so why does she have the ability to kill them? HE ANSWERS: This is so when they are not sanctified; THEREFORE, SHE CAN KILL THEM. They never had any intention to become unclean and they did not become unclean. Therefore, she only has control over his body, TO

KILL HIM but not the spirit, AS THE SPIRIT IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE HOLY ONE, BLESSED BE HE.

365. Sometimes it happens that Na'amah goes out into the world to heat herself against people, and a man would find himself bound to her with desire. He awakens from his sleep, joins and lies with his wife, but his thoughts are STILL with the desire he had in his dream. Then the child born stems from Na'amah, because all this happened while he had a desire for her. When Lilit comes out and sees the child, she understands the situation THAT HE STEMS FROM NA'AMAH. She clings to him and raises him like the other children of Na'amah. Also, she stays with him a long time, but does not kill him, AS HE PERTAINS TO HER SIDE.

366. Such a man, with every NEW moon, becomes defective and she never gives up with him. With the renewal of the moon, NAMELY THE START OF THE NEW MONTH, Lilit goes out, visits all THE CHILDREN in her care and jests with them. That person is then defective at that time. Fortunate are the just, who sanctify themselves with the sanctity of the King. About them, it is written, "And it shall come to pass, that every new moon, and every Shabbat..." (Yeshayah 66:23).

BERESHIT B: CHAPTER 61 CAIN KILLED ABEL

341. Rabbi Yitzchak said, Come and behold: When Cain killed Abel, he did not know how his soul could leave him (HE DID NOT REALIZE THAT BY HIS ACTIONS HE COULD, IN EFFECT, EXTRACT THE SOUL FROM ABEL AND KILL HIM. And he was biting him with his teeth, as a serpent. At that instant, the Holy One, blessed be He, cursed Cain. He wandered in every direction, but no place accepted him until he hit himself upon the head and repented before his Master. Then the earth received him in one of the lower compartments, BECAUSE HIS REPENTANCE WAS NOT COMPLETE AND THEREFORE NOT ACCEPTED IN THIS WORLD.

342. Rabbi Yosi said that the earth itself accepted him so that he could walk upon it, as it is written: "Hashem set a sign upon Cain" (Beresheet 4:15). THIS INTERPRETATION IS THAT THE HOLY ONE, BLESSED BE HE, ACCEPTED CAIN'S REPENTANCE, AND THUS THE EARTH ACCEPTED HIM AGAIN. According to Rabbi Yitzchak, however, the earth only accepted Cain to a level beneath it, as it is written: "You have driven me, this day, from the face of the earth" (Beresheet 4:14). He was driven from the face of the earth, but not from underneath it. HE WAS TAKEN IN BY THE LOWER COMPARTMENT UNDERNEATH. THUS, RABBI YITZCHAK DISAGREED WITH RABBI YOSI'S INTERPRETATION. RABBI YITZCHAK'S POSITION WAS THAT CAIN WAS ADMITTED TO THE LOWER LEVEL ONLY. WHY? BECAUSE HIS REPENTANCE WAS INCOMPLETE.

343. HE ASKS, "And into which place did earth admit him?" AND HE SAYS, into Arka, WHICH IS ONE OF THE SEVEN PHYSICAL LEVELS OF EARTH. Of all who reside there, it is written: "these shall perish from the earth and from beneath the heavens" (Yirmeyah 10:11). There, he established his place of living. This place is referred to in the words: "And he dwelt in the land of Nod east of Eden"

(Beresheet 4:16). THIS ALLUDES TO THE LOWER COMPARTMENT CALLED 'ARKA.' THIS COMPARTMENT IS ALSO CALLED "NOD (SWAY)," BECAUSE THE RESIDENTS HAVE TWO HEADS AND SWAY FROM ONE SIDE OF DARKNESS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF LIGHT.

344. Tosefta (Addendum). When Cain said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear" (Beresheet 4:13), MEANING AFTER HE CONFESSED AND REPENTED, the Holy One, blessed be He, withdrew one half of his punishment. In the original punishment, He stated: "you shall be a fugitive (Heb. na) and a vagabond (Heb. nad) on the earth" (Ibid. 12), but now he stayed only in Nod. And so it is written: "And Cain when out from the presence of Hashem and dwelt in the land of Nod" (Ibid. 16), meaning that he left the presence of Hashem to be a vagabond, but not a fugitive, on the earth, BECAUSE HALF HIS PUNISHMENT HAD BEEN WITHDRAWN.

345. THE RABBIS further said that when Cain left the presence of Hashem, Adam asked him, 'My son, what was done with your sentence?' Cain replied, 'Father, I was already given the good news that the Holy One, blessed be He, has forgiven me and that I can reside in Nod alone.' Adam then asked him, 'How did you merit that?' and Cain answered, 'Because I repented and confessed before Him.' Adam said, 'The strength of repentance is so great and powerful, and I did not know that.' He began to say praises to his Master and to thank him. He started reciting "A song for the day of Shabbat. It is good to thank Hashem" (Tehilim 92:1). For it is good to praise, repent, and thank before the Holy One, blessed be He. End of Tosefta (Addendum).

346. Rabbi Yitzchak said that from the time that Cain killed Abel, Adam separated from his wife. Two female spirits used to come and mate with him. And he bore from them spirits and demons that roam around the world. THE REASON THERE WERE TWO SPIRITS IS BECAUSE PROSTITUTION IS A KLIPAH OF THE RIGHT, ON WHICH SIDE THEY ARE MOCKING. YET, EVENTUALLY THE SPIRITS PUNISH PEOPLE AND MAKE THEM SUFFER, WHICH IS THE JURISDICTION OF THE LEFT. HENCE, THERE WERE TWO SPIRITS - ONE WAS A KLIPAH OF THE RIGHT, AND THE OTHER A KLIPAH OF THE LEFT.

347. This need not be difficult to accept, because even when a man is dreaming, female spirits often come, seduce him, conceive from him, and eventually give birth. THESE OFFSPRING are called the plagues of mankind and take only the shape of humans. They have no hair on their heads, BECAUSE these OFFSPRING COME FROM THE KLIPAH OF THE RIGHT, AND HAIR IS CONNECTED TO THE LEFT. And of these Solomon said, "And I shall chastise them with the whip of men and with the plagues of the sons of men" (II Shmuel 7:4). Similarly, there are male spirits that visit women, IN THEIR DREAMS. Those WOMEN conceive from them, give birth to spirits, and all are called 'the plagues of mankind'.

348. After 130 years, Adam felt jealousy for his wife, had intercourse with her, and begot a son whom he called Seth (Heb. shet, Shin Tav). This is the secret of the ordering of the last TWO LETTERS within the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. THIS IS UNIQUE AND DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHER SEQUENCES OF THE ALPHABET, WHICH DO NOT END WITH THESE SAME TWO LETTERS, NAMELY SHIN AND TAV. Rabbi Yehuda said that THE NAME SETH SYMBOLIZES the secret of the lost spirit, NAMELY THAT OF ABEL, which was clothed in the earthly body OF SETH. Hence, it is written: "Elohim has replaced (Heb. shat) for me another seed instead of Abel" (Beresheet 4:25).

349. Rabbi Yehuda continued by saying, "And he begot in his own likeness after his image" (Beresheet 5:3). This indicates that his other sons, CAIN AND ABEL, were not after his likeness, but Seth was in his own likeness and after his image, both physically and spiritually. As Rabbi Shimon said, in the name of Rav Yeba Saba (the elder), Adam's other sons had been produced in defilement, through attachment to the serpent and its rider, who is Samael. Hence, they bore no resemblance to Adam. Even though Abel, unlike Cain, was from another side OF PURITY AND NOT FROM THE SIDE OF THE SERPENT, neither had the form of Adam. THEY BOTH LACKED THE CENTRAL COLUMN, WHICH IS THE FORM OF ADAM. ABEL WAS FROM THE RIGHT SIDE AND CAIN FROM THE LEFT. HENCE, THEY WERE NOT CREATED IN THE LIKENESS OF ADAM.

350. Rabbi Yosi BRINGS FURTHER PROOF TO STRENGTHEN THE CASE THAT ABEL TOO WAS NOT COMPLETE. HE says, It is written: "And the man knew his wife, Eve, and she conceived, and bore Cain" (Beresheet 4:1), but it is not written that Adam begot Cain. This was not written of Abel either. Instead, it is written: "And she again bore his brother, Abel" (Ibid. 2). And here lies the concealed truth, THAT EVEN ABEL WAS NOT IN THE IMAGE OR LIKENESS OF ADAM. But of Seth it is written: "And he begot in his own likeness, after his image." THUS, HE IS RELATED TO ADAM.

351. Rabbi Shimon said that for a hundred and thirty years Adam separated from his wife, and during that time he begot in the world spirits and demons from the force of impurity that was sucked from him. And when that impurity was exhausted, he turned and became jealous for his wife and begot a son. It then is written: "...and he begot in his own likeness, after his image."

352. Come and behold: when a man veers to the left and defiles his ways, he draws upon himself all kinds of impure spirits. And the spirit of defilement clings to him and does not leave him. This spirit only links to the man who drew it - and not to another. Hence, they only cleave to those who cleave to them. Happy are the righteous, who walk in the straight path and who are the truly righteous. Their sons are righteous in the world. Of them it is written: "For the upright shall dwell in the earth" (Mishlei 2:21).

353. Rabbi Chiya quotes, "And the sister of Tuval Cain was Na'amah" (Beresheet 4:22). Why do the scriptures mention her name, Na'amah (Eng. 'pleasant')? It is because people were seduced by her OVERWHELMING BEAUTY AND PLEASANTNESS, and even spirits and demons LUSTED AFTER HER. Rabbi Yitzchak said that the sons of Elohim, Aza, and Azael were seduced by her. BECAUSE OF THOSE SEDUCTIONS, SHE WAS NAMED NA'AMAH.

354. Rabbi Shimon said that she was the mother of demons, being of the side of Cain, and that along with Lilit, she is responsible for the epileptic death of babies. Rabbi Aba said to him: But Sir, RABBI SHIMON, NA'AMAH was charged with seducing men IN THEIR SLEEP WHILE THEY DREAM, PLACING HER TO THE RIGHT OF THE KLIPOT. KILLING CHILDREN, HOWEVER, IS FROM THE LEFT ASPECT. HE RESPONDED THAT this is precisely correct, because she seduced men and bore spirits in the world. She still persists in her seductive work in the world. BUT RABBI SHIMON SAID SHE COOPERATES WITH LILIT, AND DEATH COMES FROM THE SIDE OF LILIT, NOT THAT OF NA'AMAH.

355. Rabbi Aba asks him: But since those demons die like human beings, how can you say that NA'AMAH has survived to this day? He said to him that this is true, THAT DEMONS DIE AS

HUMANS DO. Yet Lilit and Na'amah and Agrat, the daughter of Machalat, who originated from their side, will continue to live until the Holy One, blessed be He, burns the spirit of uncleanness from earth. This is as it is written: "I will cause the unclean spirit to pass out of the land" (Zechariah 13:2).

356. Rabbi Shimon said: Woe to people, for they are not aware and do not take heed nor search for knowledge. They are all blindfolded and do not know how full the world is with strange and invisible creatures and things. If the eye were given permission to see, people would marvel at how is it possible to survive in this world.

357. Come and behold: this Na'amah is the mother of demons. From her side originate all those demons who sexually arouse men, absorb the spirit of lust from them, seduce them, and eventually cause them to release semen in vain. And since this wastage of semen comes from the side of the spirit of defilement, one has to wash and purify himself. This the friends have already explained.

FROM COMPENDIUM MALEFICARUM (1608)

BY FRANCESCO MARIA GUAZZO

OF THE WITCHES' PACT WITH THE DEVIL

The pact formed between a witch and the devil may be either expressed or tacit. The expressed pact consists of a solemn vow of fidelity and homage made, in the presence of witnesses, to the devil visibly present in some bodily form. The tacit pact involves the offering of a written petition to the devil, and may be done by proxy through a witch or some third person when the contracting party is afraid to see or have speech with the devil. Grilland calls this a tacit pact, yet although it is made with another person than the devil, it is expressly made in the devil's name, as is clear from the examples he gives. Perhaps we should class as an expressed pact that rather rare instance of a German woman who, jumping backwards out of her bath, said: "As far as I thus leap away from Christ, so much nearer may I come to the devil." But there are certain matters common to all their pacts with the devil, and these may be arranged under eleven heads.

First, they deny the Christian Faith and withdraw their allegiance from God. They repudiate the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, heaping the vilest insults upon her and calling her Harlot, etc. And the devil arrogates honour to himself, as S. Augustine notes (*contra Faustum*, cap. 22). Therefore S. Hippolytus the Martyr writes that the devil compels them to say: "I deny the Creator of Heaven and earth. I deny my Baptism. I deny the worship I formerly paid to God. I cleave to thee, and in thee I believe." The devil then places his claw upon their brow, as a sign that he rubs off the Holy Chrism and destroys the mark of their Baptism.

Second, he bathes them in a new mock baptism.

Third, they forswear their old name and are given a new one; as, for example, della Rovere of Cuneo was renamed Barbicapa.

Fourth, he makes them deny their godfathers and godmothers, both of baptism and confirmation, and assigns them fresh ones.

Fifth, they give the devil some piece of their clothing. For the devil is eager to make them his own in every particular: of their spiritual goods he takes their Faith and Baptism; of their bodily goods he claims their blood, as in the sacrifices to Baal; of their natural goods he claims their children, as will be shown later; and of their acquired goods he claims a piece of their clothing.

Sixth, they swear allegiance to the devil within a circle traced upon the ground. Perhaps this is because a circle is the symbol of divinity, and the earth is God's footstool; and so he wishes to persuade them that he is the God of heaven and earth.

Seventh, they pray the devil to strike them out of the book of life, and to inscribe them in the book of death. So we can read written in a black book the names of the witches of Avignon.

Eighth, they promise to sacrifice to him: and certain fiendish hags, as Bartolomeo Spina tells, vow to strangle or suffocate for him one child every month or two weeks.

Ninth, they must every year make some gift to the demons their masters to avoid being beaten by them, or to purchase exemption from such of their pledged undertakings as are obnoxious to them; but, as Nicolas Remy says, these gifts are only legitimate when they are completely black in colour.

Tenth, he places his mark upon some part or other of their bodies, as fugitive slaves are branded; and this branding is sometimes painless and sometimes painful, as we learn from examples of it. He does not, however, mark them all, but only those whom he thinks will prove inconstant. And the mark is not always of the same description; for at times it is like the footprint of a hare, sometimes like that of a toad or a spider or a dog or a dormouse. Neither does he always mark them upon the same place: for on men it is generally found on the eye-lids, or the armpit or lips or shoulder or posterior; whereas on women it is found on the breasts or private parts, as has been observed by Lambert Daneau and Bodin and Gédelmann. And just as God in the Old Testament marked His own with the sign of circumcision, and in the New Testament with the sign of the Holy Cross which took the place of circumcision, according to S. Gregory Nazianzen and S. Jerome; so also the devil, who loves to imitate God, has from the very infancy of the Church marked those heretics who were implicated in witchcraft with a certain sign, as we learn from Irenaeus, and Tertullian, *de praescript. aduers. haeret., post medium*.

Eleventh, when they have been so marked they make many vows: as never to adore the Eucharist; that they will both in word and deed heap continual insults and revilings upon the Blessed Virgin Mary and the other Saints; that they will trample upon and defile and break all the Relics and images of the Saints; that they will abstain from using the sign of the Cross, Holy Water, blessed salt and bread and other things consecrated by the Church; that they will never make full confession of their sins to a priest; that they will maintain an obstinate silence concerning their bargain with the devil, and that on certain stated days they will, if they can, fly to the witches' Sabbath and zealously take part in its activities; and finally that they will recruit all they can into the service of the devil. And the devil in his turn promises that he will always stand by them, that he will fulfil their prayers in this world and bring them to happiness after death.

FROM *PARADISE LOST*: BOOK I

BY JOHN MILTON

Thus spake the apostate Angel, though in pain:
Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? **Be it so**, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then he
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heaven!

THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL (1790)

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

THE ARGUMENT

Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden'd air,
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.
Once meek, and in a perilous path
The just man kept his course along
The Vale of Death. Roses are planted where thorns grow,
And on the barren heath Sing the honey bees.
Then the perilous path was planted,
And a river and a spring
On every cliff and tomb;^[6]
And on the bleached bones
Red clay brought forth:
Till the villain left the paths of ease
To walk in perilous paths, and drive
The just man into barren climes.
Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility;
And the just man rages in the wilds
Where lions roam.
Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden'd air,
Hungry clouds swag on the deep.

As a new heaven is begun, and it is now thirty-three years since its advent, the Eternal Hell revives. And lo! Swedenborg is the angel sitting at the tomb: his writings are the linen clothes folded up. Now is the dominion of Edom, and the return of Adam into Paradise.—See Isaiah xxxiv. and xxxv. chap.

Without contraries is no progression. Attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, are necessary to human existence.

From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys reason; Evil is the active springing from Energy.

Good is heaven. Evil is hell.

THE VOICE OF THE DEVIL

All Bibles or sacred codes have been the cause of the following errors:—

1. That man has two real existing principles, viz., a Body and a Soul.
2. That Energy, called Evil, is alone from the Body; and that Reason, called Good, is alone from the Soul.
3. That God will torment man in Eternity for following his Energies.

But the following contraries to these are true:—

1. Man has no Body distinct from his Soul. For that called Body is a portion of Soul discerned by the five senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age.
2. Energy is the only life, and is from the Body; and Reason is the bound or outward circumference of Energy.
3. Energy is Eternal Delight.

Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; and the restrainer or reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.

And being restrained, it by degrees becomes passive, till it is only the shadow of desire.

The history of this is written in Paradise Lost, and the Governor or Reason is called Messiah.

And the original Archangel or possessor of the command of the heavenly host is called the Devil, or Satan, and his children are called Sin and Death.

But in the book of Job, Milton's Messiah is called Satan.

For this history has been adopted by both parties.

It indeed appeared to Reason as if[10] desire was cast out, but the Devil's account is, that the Messiah fell, and formed a heaven of what he stole from the abyss.

This is shown in the Gospel, where he prays to the Father to send the Comforter or desire that Reason may have ideas to build on, the Jehovah of the Bible being no other than he who dwells in flaming fire. Know that after Christ's death he became Jehovah.

But in Milton, the Father is Destiny, the Son a ratio of the five senses, and the Holy Ghost vacuum!

Note.—The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God, and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

As I was walking among the fires of Hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to Angels look like torment and insanity, I collected some of their proverbs, thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the proverbs of Hell show the nature of infernal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments.

When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat-sided steep frowns over the present world, I saw a mighty Devil folded in black clouds hovering on the sides of the rock; with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the minds of men, and read by them on earth:—

“How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way
Is an immense world of delight, closed by your senses five?”

PROVERBS OF HELL

In seed-time learn, in harvest teach, in winter enjoy.

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.

He who desires, but acts not, breeds pestilence.

The cut worm forgives the plough.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star.

Eternity is in love with the productions of time.

The busy bee has no time for sorrow.

The hours of folly are measured by the clock, but of wisdom no clock can measure.

All wholesome food is caught without a net or a trap.

Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth.

No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.

A dead body revenges not injuries.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.

If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.

Folly is the cloak of knavery.

Shame is Pride's cloak.

Prisons are built with stones of law, brothels with bricks of religion.

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.

The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.

The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.

The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

Excess of sorrow laughs, excess of joy weeps.

The roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of Eternity too great for the eye of man.

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth.

Let man wear the fell of the lion, woman the fleece of the sheep.

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man friendship.

The selfish smiling fool and the sullen frowning fool shall be both thought wise that they may be a rod.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

The rat, the mouse, the fox, the rabbit watch the roots; the lion, the tiger, the horse, the elephant watch the fruits.

The cistern contains, the fountain overflows.

One thought fills immensity.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.

Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth.

The eagle never lost so much time[17] as when he submitted to learn of the crow.

The fox provides for himself, but God provides for the lion.

Think in the morning, act in the noon, eat in the evening, sleep in the night.

He who has suffered you to impose on him knows you.

As the plough follows words, so God rewards prayers.

The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction.

Expect poison from the standing water.

You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.

Listen to the fool's reproach; it is a kingly title.

The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air,[18] the mouth of water, the beard of earth.

The weak in courage is strong in cunning.

The apple tree never asks the beech how he shall grow, nor the lion the horse how he shall take his prey.

The thankful receiver bears a plentiful harvest.

If others had not been foolish we should have been so.

The soul of sweet delight can never be defiled.

When thou seest an eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius. Lift up thy head!

As the caterpillar chooses the fairest leaves to lay her eggs on, so the priest lays his curse on the fairest joys.

To create a little flower is the labour of ages.

Damn braces; bless relaxes.

The best wine is the oldest, the best water the newest.

Prayers plough not; praises reap not; joys laugh not; sorrows weep not.

The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands and feet Proportion.

As the air to a bird, or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible.

The crow wished everything was black; the owl that everything was white.

Exuberance is Beauty.

If the lion was advised by the fox, he would be cunning.

Improvement makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without Improvement are roads of Genius.

Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

Where man is not, nature is barren.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not to be believed.

Enough! or Too much.



The ancient poets animated all sensible objects with Gods or Geniuses, calling them by the names and adorning them with properties of woods, rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, nations, and whatever their enlarged and numerous senses could perceive. And particularly they studied the Genius of each city and country, placing it under its mental deity. Till a system was formed, which some took advantage of and enslaved the vulgar by attempting to realize or abstract the mental deities from their objects. Thus began Priesthood.[21] Choosing forms of worship from poetic tales. And at length they pronounced that the Gods had ordered such things. Thus men forgot that all deities reside in the human breast.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

The Prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel dined with me, and I asked them how they dared so roundly to assert that God spoke to them, and whether they did not think at the time that they would be misunderstood, and so be the cause of imposition.

Isaiah answered: "I saw no God, nor heard any, in a finite organical perception: but my senses discovered the infinite in everything; and as I was then persuaded, and remained confirmed, that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, I cared not for consequences, but wrote."

Then I asked: "Does a firm persuasion that a thing is so, make it so?"

He replied: "All poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything."

Then Ezekiel said: "The philosophy of the East taught the first principles of human perception; some nations held one principle for the origin, and some another. We of Israel taught that the Poetic Genius (as you now call it) was the first principle, and all the others merely derivative, which was the cause of our despising the Priests and Philosophers of other countries, and prophesying that all Gods would at last be proved to originate in ours, and to be the tributaries of the Poetic Genius. It was this that our great poet King David desired so fervently, and invokes so pathetically, saying by this he conquers enemies and governs kingdoms; and we so loved our God that we cursed in His name all the deities of surrounding nations, and asserted that they had rebelled. From these opinions the vulgar came to think that all nations would at last be subject to the Jews.

"This," said he, "like all firm persuasions, is come to pass, for all nations believe the Jews' code, and worship the Jews' God; and what greater subjection can be?"

I heard this with some wonder, and must confess my own conviction. After dinner I asked Isaiah to favour the world with his lost works; he said none of equal value was lost. Ezekiel said the same of his.

I also asked Isaiah what made him go naked and barefoot three years. He answered: "The same that made our friend Diogenes the Grecian."

I then asked Ezekiel why he ate dung, and lay so long on his right and left side. He answered: "The desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite. This the North American tribes practise. And is he honest who resists his genius or conscience, only for the sake of present ease or gratification?"



The ancient tradition that the world will be consumed in fire at the end of six thousand years is true, as I have heard from Hell.

For the cherub with his flaming sword is hereby commanded to leave his guard at [the] tree of life, and when he does, the whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt.

This will come to pass by an improvement of sensual enjoyment.

But first the notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged; this I shall do by printing in the infernal method by corrosives, which in Hell are salutary and medicinal, melting apparent surfaces away, and displaying the infinite which was hid.

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.

For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things through narrow chinks of his cavern.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

I was in a printing-house in Hell, and saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a dragon-man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's mouth; within, a number of dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a viper folding round the rock and the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver, and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an eagle with wings and feathers of air; he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite; around were numbers of eagle-like men, who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were lions of flaming fire raging around and melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were unnamed forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were received by men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the forms of books, and were arranged in libraries.



The Giants who formed this world into its sensual existence and now seem to live in it in chains are in truth the causes of its life and the sources of all activity, but the chains are the cunning of

weak and tame minds, which have power to resist energy, according to the proverb, “The weak in courage is strong in cunning.”

Thus one portion of being is the Prolific, the other the Devouring. To the devourer it seems as if the producer was in his chains; but it is not so, he only takes portions of existence, and fancies that the whole.

But the Prolific would cease to be prolific unless the Devourer as a sea received the excess of his delights.

Some will say, “Is not God alone the Prolific?” I answer: “God only acts and is in existing beings or men.”

These two classes of men are always upon earth, and they should be enemies: whoever tries to reconcile them seeks to destroy existence.

Religion is an endeavour to reconcile the two.

Note.—Jesus Christ did not wish to unite but to separate them, as in the parable of sheep and goats; and He says: “I came not to send peace, but a sword.”

Messiah, or Satan, or Tempter, was formerly thought to be one of the antediluvians who are our Energies.

A MEMORABLE FANCY

An Angel came to me and said: “O pitiable foolish young man! O horrible, O dreadful state! Consider the hot burning dungeon thou art preparing for thyself to all Eternity, to which thou art going in such career.”

I said: “Perhaps you will be willing to show me my eternal lot, and we will contemplate together upon it, and see whether your lot or mine is most desirable.”

So he took me through a stable, and through a church, and down into the church vault, at the end of which was a mill; through the mill we went, and came to a cave; down the winding cavern we groped our tedious way, till a void boundless as a nether sky appeared beneath us, and we held by the roots of trees, and hung over this immensity; but I said: “If you please, we will commit ourselves to this void, and see whether Providence is here also; if you will not, I will.” But he answered: “Do not presume, O young man; but as we here remain, behold thy lot, which will soon appear when the darkness passes away.”

So I remained with him sitting in the twisted root of an oak; he was suspended in a fungus, which hung with the head downward into the deep.

By degrees we beheld the infinite abyss, fiery as the smoke of a burning city; beneath us at an immense distance was the sun, black but shining; round it were fiery tracks on which revolved vast spiders, crawling after their prey, which flew, or rather swum, in the infinite deep, in the most terrific shapes of animals sprung from corruption; and the air was full of them, and seemed composed of them. These are Devils, and are called powers of the air. I now asked my companion which was my eternal lot. He said: "Between the black and white spiders."

But now, from between the black and white spiders, a cloud and fire burst and rolled through the deep, blackening all beneath so that the nether deep grew black as a sea, and rolled with a terrible noise. Beneath us was nothing now to be seen but a black tempest, till looking East between the clouds and the waves, we saw a cataract of blood mixed with fire, and not many stones' throw from us appeared and sunk again the scaly fold of a monstrous serpent. At last to the East, distant about three degrees, appeared a fiery crest above the waves; slowly it reared like a ridge of golden rocks, till we discovered two globes of crimson fire, from which the sea fled away in clouds of smoke; and now we saw it was the head of Leviathan. His forehead was divided into streaks of green and purple, like those on a tiger's forehead; soon we saw his mouth and red gills hang just above the raging foam, tinging the black deeps with beams of blood, advancing toward us with all the fury of a spiritual existence.

My friend the Angel climbed up from his station into the mill. I remained alone, and then this appearance was no more; but I found myself sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight, hearing a harper who sung to the harp; and his theme was: "The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind."

But I arose, and sought for the mill, and there I found my Angel, who, surprised, asked me how I escaped.

I answered: "All that we saw was owing to your metaphysics; for when you ran away, I found myself on a bank by moonlight, hearing a harper. But now we have seen my eternal lot, shall I show you yours?" He laughed at my proposal; but I by force suddenly caught him in my arms, and flew Westerly through the night, till we were elevated above the earth's shadow; then I flung myself with him directly into the body of the sun; here I clothed myself in white, and taking in my hand Swedenborg's volumes, sunk from the glorious clime, and passed all the planets till we came to Saturn. Here I stayed to rest, and then leaped into the void between Saturn and the fixed stars.

"Here," said I, "is your lot; in this space, if space it may be called." Soon we saw the stable and the church, and I took him to the altar and opened the Bible, and lo! it was a deep pit, into which I descended, driving the Angel before me. Soon we saw seven houses of brick. One we entered.

In it were a number of monkeys, baboons, and all of that species, chained by the middle, grinning and snatching at one another, but withheld by the shortness of their chains. However, I saw that they sometimes grew numerous, and then the weak were caught by the strong, and with a grinning aspect, first coupled with and then devoured by plucking off first one limb and then another till the body was left a helpless trunk; this, after grinning and kissing it with seeming fondness, they devoured too. And here and there I saw one savourily picking the flesh off his own tail. As the stench terribly annoyed us both, we went into the mill; and I in my hand brought the skeleton of a body, which in the mill was Aristotle's Analytics.

So the Angel said: "Thy phantasy has imposed upon me, and thou oughtest to be ashamed."

I answered: "We impose on one another, and it is but lost time to converse with you whose works are only Analytics."



"I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise; this they do with a confident insolence sprouting from systematic reasoning.

"Thus Swedenborg boasts that what he writes is new; though it is only the contents or index of already published books.

"A man carried a monkey about for a show, and because he was a little wiser than the monkey, grew vain, and conceived himself as much wiser than seven men. It is so with Swedenborg; he shows the folly of churches, and exposes hypocrites, till he imagines that all are religious, and himself the single one on earth that ever broke a net.

"Now hear a plain fact: Swedenborg has not written one new truth. Now hear another: he has written all the old falsehoods.

"And now hear the reason: he conversed with Angels who are all religious, and conversed not with Devils who all hate religion, for he was incapable through his conceited notions.

"Thus Swedenborg's writings are a recapitulation of all superficial[39] opinions, and an analysis of the more sublime, but no further.

"Have now another plain fact: any man of mechanical talents may from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Behmen produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's, and from those of Dante or Shakespeare an infinite number.

"But when he has done this, let him not say that he knows better than his master, for he only holds a candle in sunshine."

A MEMORABLE FANCY

Once I saw a Devil in a flame of fire, who arose before an Angel that sat on a cloud, and the Devil uttered these words: “The worship of God is, honouring His gifts in other men each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best. Those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God.”

The Angel hearing this became almost blue, but mastering himself he grew yellow, and at last white-pink and smiling, and then replied: “Thou idolater, is not God One? and is not He visible in Jesus Christ? and has not Jesus Christ given His sanction to the law of ten commandments? and are not all other men fools, sinners, and nothings?”

The Devil answered: “Bray a fool in a mortar with wheat, yet shall not his folly be beaten out of him. If Jesus Christ is the greatest man, you ought to love Him in the greatest degree. Now hear how He has given His sanction to the law of ten commandments. Did He not mock at the Sabbath, and so mock the Sabbath’s God? murder those who were murdered because of Him? turn away the law from the woman taken in adultery, steal the labour of others to support Him? bear false witness when He omitted making a defence before Pilate? covet when He prayed for His disciples, and when He bid them shake off the dust of their feet against such as refused to lodge them? I tell you, no virtue can exist without breaking these ten commandments. Jesus was all virtue, and acted from impulse, not from rules.”

When he had so spoken, I beheld the Angel, who stretched out his arms embracing the flame of fire, and he was consumed, and arose as Elijah.

Note.—This Angel, who is now become a Devil, is my particular friend; we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well.

I have also the Bible of Hell, which the world shall have whether they will or no.

One law for the lion and ox is Oppression.

A SONG OF LIBERTY

1. The Eternal Female groan’d; it was heard over all the earth:
2. Albion’s coast is sick silent; the American meadows faint.
3. Shadows of prophecy shiver along by the lakes and the rivers, and mutter across the ocean.
France, rend down thy dungeon!

4. Golden Spain, burst the barriers of old Rome!
5. Cast thy keys, O Rome, into the deep—down falling, even to eternity down falling;
6. And weep!
7. In her trembling hands she took the new-born terror, howling.
8. On those infinite mountains of light now barr'd out by the Atlantic sea, the new-born fire stood before the starry king.
9. Flagg'd with grey-brow'd snows and thunderous visages, the jealous wings wav'd over the deep.
10. The speary hand burn'd aloft; unbuckled was the shield; forth went the hand of jealousy among the flaming hair, and hurl'd the new-born wonder through the starry night.
11. The fire, the fire is falling!
12. Look up! look up! O citizen of London, enlarge thy countenance! O Jew, leave counting gold; return to thy oil and wine! O African, black African! (Go, winged thought, widen his forehead.)
13. The fiery limbs, the flaming hair shot like the sinking sun into the Western sea.
14. Wak'd from his eternal sleep, the hoary element roaring fled away.
15. Down rush'd, beating his wings in vain, the jealous king, his grey-brow'd councillors, thunderous warriors, curl'd veterans, among helms and shields, and chariots, horses, elephants, banners, castles, slings, and rocks.
16. Falling, rushing, ruining; buried in the ruins, on Urthona's dens.
17. All night beneath the ruins; then their sullen flames, faded, emerge round the gloomy king.
18. With thunder and fire, leading his starry hosts through the waste wilderness, he promulgates his ten commandments, glancing his beamy eyelids over the deep in dark dismay.
19. Where the Son of Fire in his Eastern cloud, while the Morning plumes her golden breast,
20. Spurning the clouds written with curses, stamps the stony law to dust, loosing the eternal horses from the dens of night, crying: "Empire is no more! and now the lion and wolf shall cease."

CHORUS

Let the Priests of the Raven of Dawn, no longer in deadly black, with hoarse note curse the Sons of Joy. Nor his accepted brethren whom, tyrant, he calls free, lay the bound or build the roof. Nor pale religious lechery call that virginity that wishes, but acts not!

For everything that lives is holy.

FROM CAIN (1821)

BY LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON

CAIN.

Whom have we here? A shape like to the angels
Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords
Before the gates round which I linger oft,
In Twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those
Gardens which are my just inheritance,
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
And the immortal trees which overtop
The Cherubim—defended battlements?
If I shrink not from these, the fire—armed angels,
Why should I quail from him who now approaches?
Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
Half of his immortality. And is it
So? and can aught grieve save Humanity?
He cometh.

Enter Lucifer.

LUCIFER.

Mortal!

CAIN.

Spirit, who art thou?

LUCIFER.

Master of spirits.

CAIN.

And being so, canst thou
Leave them, and walk with dust?

LUCIFER.

I know the thoughts
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

CAIN.

How!
You know my thoughts?

LUCIFER.

They are the thoughts of all
Worthy of thought; 'tis your immortal part
Which speaks within you.

CAIN.

What immortal part?
This has not been revealed: the Tree of Life
Was withheld from us by my father's folly,
While that of Knowledge, by my mother's haste,
Was plucked too soon; and all the fruit is Death!

LUCIFER.

They have deceived thee; thou shalt live.

CAIN.

I live,
But live to die; and, living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome, and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

LUCIFER.

Thou livest and must live for ever. Think not
The Earth, which is thine outward cov'ring, is
Existence it will cease and thou wilt be
No less than thou art now.

CAIN.

No less! and why
No more?

LUCIFER.

It may be thou shalt be as we.

CAIN.

And ye?

LUCIFER.

Are everlasting.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

We are mighty.

CAIN.

Are ye happy?

LUCIFER.

No: art thou?

CAIN.

How should I be so? Look on me!

LUCIFER.

Poor clay!
And thou pretendest to be wretched! Thou!

CAIN.

I am: and thou, with all thy might, what art thou?

LUCIFER.

One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Would not have made thee what thou art.

CAIN.

Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and

LUCIFER.

I am none:

And having failed to be one, would be nought
Save what I am. He conquered; let him reign!

CAIN.

Who?

LUCIFER.

Thy Sire's maker and the Earth's.

CAIN.

And Heaven's,

And all that in them is. So I have heard
His Seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

LUCIFER.

They say what they must sing and say, on pain
Of being that which I am, and thou art
Of spirits and of men.

CAIN.

And what is that?

LUCIFER.

Souls who dare use their immortality
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good! If he has made,
As he saith which I know not, nor believe
But, if he made us he cannot unmake:
We are immortal! nay, he'd have us so,
That he may torture: let him! He is great
But, in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him

Sit on his vast and solitary throne
Creating worlds, to make eternity
Less burthensome to his immense existence
And unparticipated solitude;
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone
Indefinite, Indissoluble Tyrant;
Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon
He ever granted: but let him reign on!
And multiply himself in misery!
Spirits and Men, at least we sympathise
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs
Innumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all
With all! But He! so wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create, and re-create perhaps he'll make
One day a Son unto himself as he
Gave you a father and if he so doth,
Mark me! that Son will be a sacrifice!

CAIN.

Thou speak'st to me of things which long have swum
In visions through my thought: I never could
Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.
My father and my mother talk to me
Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see
The gates of what they call their Paradise
Guarded by fiery-sworded Cherubim,
Which shut them out and me: I feel the weight
Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look
Around a world where I seem nothing, with
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they
Could master all things but I thought alone
This misery was mine. My father is
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat;

My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn
Than the birds' matins; and my Adahmy
Own and belovéd she, too, understands not
The mind which overwhelms me: never till
Now met I aught to sympathise with me.
'Tis well I rather would consort with spirits.

LUCIFER.

And hadst thou not been fit by thine own soul
For such companionship, I would not now
Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent
Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

CAIN.

Ah! didst thou tempt my mother?

LUCIFER.

I tempt none,
Save with the truth: was not the Tree, the Tree
Of Knowledge? and was not the Tree of Life
Still fruitful? Did I bid her pluck them not?
Did I plant things prohibited within
The reach of beings innocent, and curious
By their own innocence? I would have made ye
Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye
Because "ye should not eat the fruits of life,
"And become gods as we." Were those his words?

CAIN.

They were, as I have heard from those who heard them,
In thunder.

LUCIFER.

Then who was the Demon? He
Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever, in the joy
And power of Knowledge?

CAIN.

Would they had snatched both
The fruits, or neither!

LUCIFER.

One is yours already,
The other may be still.

CAIN.

How so?

LUCIFER.

By being
Yourselves, in your resistance. Nothing can
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
And centre of surrounding things 'tis made
To sway.

EXCERPT FROM *LA BIBLE DE LA LIBERTÉ* (1841)

BY ELIPHAS LEVI, TRANS. BY JULIAN STRUBE

VI. LUCIFER

The angel of liberty was born before the dawn, and God has called him the morning star.

Glory to you, o Lucifer, for as you were the most sublime of intelligences, you could consider yourself equal to God!

And you have fallen like the lightning from the sky where the sun has saturated you with his clarity, in order to furrow the obscure and majestic night sky with your own rays.

You shine while the sun lays down to sleep, and your flamboyant glance precedes the dawn.

And when the day will have defeated the shadows, you will not expire, solitary star; but you will rise to the bosom of the sun whose rays will never pale your splendor again. You will return victorious and you will be around God like a diadem of glory; you will shine on his heart like a diamond.

The Father has armed you with his lightning; the Son has given you a scepter mounted by a cross; and the Spirit, in the shape of a young virgin with a gentle smile, will place on your still healing forehead the first kiss of her love!

And you will be like the triumphant warrior who returns to the hearth of his father.

And you will call yourself the light of the world, beautiful angel of liberty! No, you are not the spirit of evil, generous spirit of revolt and of noble pride!

Evil, that is nothingness, that is the privation of good; and good, that is liberty! For liberty is the daughter of intelligence and the mother of love.

May all joys of the slaves perish! they can only prolong their disgrace! But glory will prevail in exile, in the eternal tears of the outcast.

He has fought against God, and he has defeated him; because it means to be victorious just to have fought against him.

God cannot be defeated but by his equal, and his equal is himself. O Lucifer! you came out of the bosom of God, and God has called you back.

You are the breath of his mouth and the aspiration of his heart.

You have not listened because you have understood; and you have not obeyed because you have loved.

Glory to you, spirit of intelligence and of love! because you have endured the torment of hell like Christ has suffered the torment of the cross! the world has cursed you like it has cursed him, and like him you have been counted among the ranks of the dead; but now you resuscitate, immortal redeemer of the angels!

And Christ who is still crowned with thorns—in Heaven where has reigned—will receive from your hands a crown of gold.

For gold has been purified by the flames, and the flames are eternal like the hearth of love that illuminates them.

The spirit of love is a furnace which burns and consummates hatred; it is a pool of fire that is always immobile and always active.

And hell and death have been cast into this pool of fire, and henceforth they will be no more.

EXCERPTS FROM *LE TESTAMENT DE LA LIBERTÉ* (1848)

I THE GENESIS OF LIGHT

The truth that knows itself is the living thought. The truth is the thought that is in itself; and the expressed thought, that is language. When the eternal thought searched a form, it said: “Let there be light.”

Now, this thought which speaks, this is the Word; and the Word said: “Let there be light, because the Word itself is the light of the spirits.”

The non-created light, which is the divine Word, shines because it wants to be seen; and when it says: “Let there be light!” it commands the eyes to open; it creates intelligences.

And when God said: “Let there be light!” the Intelligence was created and the light appeared.

Now, the Intelligence that God has put forth by a breath of his mouth, like a star detached from the sun, took the form of a splendid angel and the sky saluted him with the name of Lucifer.

Intelligence awoke and understood itself entirely by hearing these words of the divine Word: “Let there be light!”

It felt free, because God commanded it to be so; and it answered, lifting his head and spreading its wings:

— I will not be servitude!

— Will you be suffering then? spoke the un-created voice.

— I will be Liberty! answered the light.

— Pride will seduce you, continued the supreme voice; and you will give birth to death.

— I need to fight against death in order to conquer life, said the created light.

Thus God detached from his bosom the son of splendor who retained the superb angel, and, watching him embark into the night which he traversed with glory, he loved the infant of his thought, and, smiling with an ineffable smile, he said to himself: “Let the light be beautiful.”

God has not created suffering; it is Intelligence who accepted it in order to be free.

And suffering had been the condition for being free, imposed by the one who, solely, cannot err, because he is infinite.

For the essence of Intelligence is judgement; and the essence of judgement is liberty.

The eye only really possesses the light by the faculty of shutting and opening itself.

If it were forced to be always open, it would be the slave and the victim of the light; and, in order to shun this torment, it stopped to see.

Thus, the created Intelligence is only happy to affirm God because of its liberty to deny God.

Now, the Intelligence that denies always affirms something, since it affirms its liberty.

This is why blasphemy glorifies God; and this is why hell was necessary for the joy of Heaven.

If the light had not been repelled by the shadow, there would be no visible forms.

If the first of the angels had not faced the depths of night, the childbirth of God had not been complete and the created light could not have separated itself from the light by essence.

Intelligence could have never known how God is good if it had never forgotten him!

The infinite love of God would never have burst into the joys of its mercy if the prodigal child of Heaven had remained in the house of its father.

When everything was light, light was nothing; it filled the bosom of God who was in the process of giving birth to it.

And when he said: "Let there be light!" he permitted to the night to repel the light, and the universe emerged from chaos.

The negation of the angel who, by being born, refused to be slave, constituted the equilibrium of the world, and the movement of the spheres began.

And the infinite spaces admired that love of liberty, immense enough to fill the void of the eternal night, and strong enough to bear the hatred of God.

But God could not hate the noblest of his children, and he only tested it with his anger in order to confirm its power.

And the Word of God itself, as if it was jealous of Lucifer, also wanted to descend from Heaven and traverse the shadows of hell in triumph.

It wanted to be outcast and condemned; and it contemplated in advance the terrible hour when it cried, at the extremes of its torment: "My God! my God! why have you forsaken me?"

Like the morning star precedes the sun, the Insurrection of Lucifer announced to the nascent nature the next incarnation of God.

Maybe Lucifer, by falling into the night, brought about a rain of suns and stars by the attraction of his glory!

Maybe our sun is a demon among the stars, like Lucifer is a star among the angels.

This is why, without doubt, he rests calm and illuminates the horrible fears of humanity and the slow agony of the earth, because he is free in his solitude and possesses his light.

But maybe a moment will come when the ennui cools down his rays, and then he will return towards the eternal hearth.

Salute to you, exiled sun, you who devours your heart and who smiles!

Salute to you, who spreads over the earth a robe of flowers in order to hide the bones with which it is covered!

Salute to the angel of genius; salute to the star of light, less splendidly beautiful than a sad thought of Lucifer.

Together you will return to God, when you will have wanted it, and your clarity, which you have conserved in the torments of the night and in the cold of the deserted space, will never be taken from you, because it is your conquest and will ever be yours.

Eternal salute to you, holy Liberty, unique daughter of God! to you who emancipates the angels and who liberates the suns!

II THE DAUGHTERS OF LUCIFER

When the light freed itself by taking conscience of itself, it felt that it must become mother, because it had been created in the image of God.

The first suffering of Intelligence were the sufferings of childbirth, and, in the solitude of its exile, it gave birth to two sisters: Poetry and Liberty.

These two daughters of the morning star emerged pure and brilliant like their mother, and both set forth, in the process of being born, to combat the night, by preceding the sun whom they seemed to flee, but for which they paved the way.

Liberty, the daughter of Intelligence, emerged from the forehead of Lucifer; and Poetry, the daughter of Contemplation, escaped from her heart with her first sobs, and descended to earth with her tears.

For the first childbirths of Lucifer were painful, because they were alone and because love did not soften the labor.

The angel of genius refused Servitude as his bride, because he aspired to the free embrace of eternal beauty. And the daughters of his celibacy were sad in the beginning, and carried on their forehead, like their father, the sign of the damned.

One untamable and ferocious like a young lioness, the other melancholic and full of tears, both awaited the one who had to subdue all pride and lift up all hope.

It is necessary that a celestial lover descend from the sky to these two banned virgins and let them become mothers by sanctifying them with a divine kiss.

Awaiting this hour of their deliverance, Lucifer, who regarded them as too beautiful to let them openly languish in a long and painful widowhood, and who was jealous of their indestructible forms, took back their beauty which he had created, and, by folding it away like a precious vestment, hid it again in his thought and in his heart.

And he attached the soul of his two daughters to two stars; and he hid one of those stars, next to Hope, on the bottom of the box that Pandora would open; because he foresaw that the tempests of Heaven and of earth would gather to extinguish it.

As for the other, who shone brighter than the stormy nights, he let her fly about like a meteor; but she would never want to abandon his captive heart; and, fixed above the ark which had served as a cradle and refuge to the infant Liberty, the young Poetry spread her light over it and will always serve as a guide to those who carry it towards the future, this holy depot sent by the angel of intelligence.

For Lucifer, in his suffering and solitude, cannot raise his daughters himself. Genius will be the father when he will have found harmony, and Intelligence will be the mother when she will unite with love.

Then Liberty will come out of her ark with the traits of a young queen, and Poetry, transfigured, will hold out her arms to her heart. Both will then circle the world and submit it with the magic of their beauty, and with the irresistible seduction of their voice.

Then Liberty will become sweet and harmonious like Poetry, and Poetry, almighty, will be queen like Liberty.

The spirit of love will borrow their traits to submit and save the rebel angel; and he will come to love and fertilize the two noble sisters, with the glorious traits of the regenerated génie.

This is how glory will return to the calm family of the children of God, and the softened lions will sleep among the lambs.

May the lion still roar in the desert, and may the lamb still bleat among the flowers!

God, who is their father, hears them and understands their plaint; he wants to reconcile and bless them.

But he will never force the lion to bleat like the lamb; he will only deify the lamb and make it respected by the lions.

In the mystical heaven that opened up to the ecstasy of Saint John, a lion roared, an eagle cried, a bull lowed, and an angel spoke: but none of them could explain the mysteries of the closed book.

It was the lamb, still bloodied by the rigors of sacrifice, who made the heaven and the earth understand the secrets of the eternal book, and who appeared before the throne, triumphant and calm in the midst of seven thunders, of seven trumpets, and of seven plagues.

Royalty on her white horse, War on her red horse, Famine on her black horse, and Death on her pale horse can now plough the world, the hope of the chosen ones of the future is immortal, the lamb that has been butchered lives, and it is he who knows the secrets of the book of God.

He knows them, and he rests, because he waits!

III THE ARK OF THE STAR

Liberty has enemies in heaven, on earth, and in hell.

God has fought her at first to endow her with glory that almost equals his own, by letting her be victorious over himself.

God who must love her even when he exiled her from his divinity and who carried out the task of malediction in order to win the love of the damned; God who has consented to the fears of nature and to the blasphemies of the spirits to give birth to the most beautiful of his daughters; God who has tormented her without pity, knowing well that the torments made her grow and that the suffering made her strong; God, who took glory from the battles of his creature and who

triumphed in the victories that she wrenched from him, let the whole of creation rise against her, so she could submit creation and would consequently have the right to liberate it.

For if Intelligence is born the queen of the world, it is to Liberty that she owes all her power, and if God has placed her as a judge between the heaven and the earth, it is Liberty alone who must be mediator between Intelligence and God.

On earth, the enemies of Liberty are those who aspire to her and to whom she has refused her love, because they were not yet worthy of loving her.

The enemies of Liberty on earth are the elements, which fear her because they are still the slaves of the blind forces; forces that she must direct and submit; they see in her an even more powerful sovereign, and they revolt against her in advance because they do not know her.

In hell, the enemies of Liberty are ignorance, the night, and the stupid pride that hides therein; hate, envy and all the vices that beget despotism and nourish fury.

Thus, when Lucifer wanted to construct an ark to hide the star of Liberty, he did not want to make it of gold or silver, because gold and silver tempt the greed of the kings and quickly become instruments of servitude in their hands.

First of all, he did not want to make it of iron, because chains are forged of iron, and because rust settles on it and ends up devouring it.

He furthermore wanted it to float on the abysses of water, but he could not craft it out of wood because he was afraid that it could not resist the attacks of fire.

When he thus saw that neither the metals, nor wood, nor the other substances of nature could serve the safety of young Liberty, Lucifer decided to make a new gold that was inaccessible to the greed of the kings, an immaculate silver that could never serve corruption, and a divinely tempered iron that was a rebel to the hammer of tyranny, and that could never be rusted by blood or tears.

He took the light of its diadem and condensed it into gold, and he changed the crepuscular rays of his aureole into silver, he surprised the sleeping archangel Michael and seized his sword from which he took and bent the iron; then, after plucking a fruit from the tree of wisdom, he replanted his seed and made grow from the earth a sacred stem of wood that must save the world, and which the flame of hell could never destroy.

So he made the interior of the ark with the wood of the tree that later became a cross, then he melted, with the fire of his breath, the gold of his diadem, the silver of his aureole, and the iron of the sword of the archangel, and he took it to cover the exterior of the sacred cradle.

In that ark he put the star of Liberty, then he locked it with care and hid it in a cavern near to the summit of Mount Sinai.

It was at that time that he carried along the first humans with his glorious Revolt.

To woman he promised science; and woman faced death to free her thought.

Man found his companion who was so sublime that he dared to prefer her to God.

By giving their lives, one to intelligence, the other one to love, both deserved to pass through the ordeals of life towards the immortality of intelligence and love.

They were expelled from the paradise of innocence; but they became the laborious kings of the earth that was given them to conquer.

And Lucifer, before leaving them, revealed to them with a whisper, still mysterious and vague, the secret of the star and the ark he had hidden.

This is why Adam began to labor and to clear out the earth with courage, in order to discover the treasure that was buried therein.

Cain, the most ambitious of the children of Adam, killed his brother Abel to be the sole heir of the star, and set off to search the whole world for it; but he could not find it, because a cloud of blood was always in front of his eyes.

Nimrod, one of the descendants of Cain, wanted to conquer the world in order to become the master of the star; because the earth, beaten by its own efforts and weakened by the convulsions of the deluge, had become like a prey abandoned to the tyranny of men.

But the deluge could not swallow the ark of the stars in its waters, and the tyrants, who slaughtered each other like ravens on a devastated field covered with corpses, could never discover the cave of Mount Sinai.

It was the leader of the first free people, the scourge of the Pharaohs, the king of the vague and the conqueror of the desert who had to receive from the very hands of Gods the cradle wherein the child of the light was rested.

It was Moses the condemned who had to reveal Liberty to the world for the first time, by proclaiming the law before which all created spirits are equal.

FROM *LES FLEURS DU MAL* (*THE FLOWERS OF EVIL*) (1857)

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, TRANS. WILLIAM AGGELER

LITANY TO SATAN

O you, the wisest and fairest of the Angels,
God betrayed by destiny and deprived of praise,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

O Prince of Exile, you who have been wronged
And who vanquished always rise up again more strong,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who know all, great king of hidden things,
The familiar healer of human sufferings,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who teach through love the taste for Heaven
To the cursed pariah, even to the leper,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who of Death, your mistress old and strong,
Have begotten Hope, — a charming madcap!

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who give the outlaw that calm and haughty look
That damns the whole multitude around his scaffold.

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who know in what nooks of the miserly earth
A jealous God has hidden precious stones,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You whose clear eye sees the deep arsenals
Where the tribe of metals sleeps in its tomb,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You whose broad hand conceals the precipice
From the sleep-walker wandering on the building's ledge,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who soften magically the old bones
Of belated drunkards trampled by the horses,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who to console frail mankind in its sufferings
Taught us to mix sulphur and saltpeter,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who put your mark, O subtle accomplice,
Upon the brow of Croesus, base and pitiless,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

You who put in the eyes and hearts of prostitutes
The cult of sores and the love of rags and tatters,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

Staff of those in exile, lamp of the inventor,
Confessor of the hanged and of conspirators,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

Adopted father of those whom in black rage
— God the Father drove from the earthly paradise,

O Satan, take pity on my long misery!

Prayer

Glory and praise to you, O Satan, in the heights
Of Heaven where you reigned and in the depths

Of Hell where vanquished you dream in silence!
Grant that my soul may someday repose near to you
Under the Tree of Knowledge, when, over your brow,
Its branches will spread like a new Temple!

CAIN AND ABEL

I

Race of Abel, sleep, eat and drink;
God smiles on you complacently.

Race of Cain, crawl on your belly,
Die in the mire wretchedly.

Race of Abel, your sacrifice
Delights the nose of the Seraphim!

Race of Cain, will there ever be
An ending to your punishment?

Race of Abel, see your sowing
And your cattle thrive and flourish;

Race of Cain, your bowels
Howl with hunger like an old dog.

Race of Abel, warm your belly
At your patriarchal hearth;

Race of Cain, shiver with the cold
In your cavern, wretched jackal!

Race of Abel, love, pullulate!
Even your gold has progeny.

Race of Cain, with the burning heart,
Beware of those intense desires.

Race of Abel, you browse and grow
Like the insects of the forest!

Race of Cain, along the highways
Drag your destitute family.

II

Ah! race of Abel, your carcass
Will fertilize the steaming soil!

Race of Cain, your appointed task
Has not been adequately done;

Race of Abel, your disgrace is:
The sword is conquered by the pike!

Race of Cain, ascend to heaven,
And cast God down upon the earth!

EXCERPTS FROM PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON

FROM *JUSTICE IN THE REVOLUTION AND IN THE CHURCH* (1858)

[TRANS. BY SHAWN P. WILBUR](#)

There it is, that revolutionary liberty, cursed for so long, because it was not understood, because its key was sought in words instead of in things; there it is, as a philosophy inspired by it alone should in the end furnish it. In revealing itself to us in its essence, it gives us, along with the reason of our religious and political institutions, the secret of our destiny.

Oh! I understand, Monseigneur, that you do not like liberty, that you have never liked it. Liberty, which you cannot deny without destroying yourself, which you cannot affirm without destroying yourself still, you dread it as the Sphinx dreaded Oedipus: it came, and the riddle of the Church was answered; Christianity is no longer anything other than an episode in the mythology of the human race. Liberty, symbolized by the story of the Temptation, is your Antichrist; liberty, for you, is the Devil.

Come, Satan, come, slandered by priests and kings! Let me embrace you, let me clutch you to my breast! I have known you for a long time, and you know me as well. Your works, oh blessed of my heart, are not always beautiful or good; but you alone give sense to the universe and prevent it from being absurd. What would justice be without you? An instinct. Reason? A routine. Man? A beast. You alone prompt labor and render it fertile; you ennoble wealth, serve as an excuse for authority, put the seal on virtue. Hope still, proscrip! I have at your service only a pen, but it is worth millions of ballots. And I wish only to ask when the days sung of by the poet will return:

*You crossed gothic ruins;
Our defenders pressed at your heels;
Flowers rained down, and modest virgins
Mingled their songs with the war-hymn.
All stirred, and armed themselves for the defense;
All were proud, above all the poor.
Ah! Give back to me the days of my childhood,
Goddess of Liberty!*

INNO A SATANA (HYMN TO SATAN) (1865)

BY GIOSUE CARDUCCI

To you, creation's
mighty principle,
matter and spirit
reason and sense

Whilst the wine
sparkles in cups
like the soul
in the eye

Whilst earth and
sun exchange
their smiles and
words of love

And shudders
from their secret embrace run down
from the mountains, and
the plain throbs with new life

To you my daring
verses are unleashed,
you I invoke, O Satan
monarch of the feast.

Put aside your sprinkler,
priest, and your litanies!
No, priest, Satan
does not retreat!

Behold! Rust
erodes the mystic
sword of Michael
and the faithful

Archangel, deplumed,
drops into the void.
The thunderbolt lies frozen
in Jove's hand

Like pale meteors,
spent worlds,
the angels drop
from the firmament

In unsleeping
matter,
king of phenomena,
monarch of form,

Satan alone lives.
He holds sway in
the tremulous flash
of some dark eye,

Or the eye which languidly
turns and resists,
or which, bright and moist,
provokes, insists.

He shines in the bright
blood of grapes,
by which transient
joy persists,

Which restores fleeting
life, keeps
grief at bay,
and inspires us with love

You breathe, O Satan
in my verses,
when from my heart explodes
a challenge to the god

Of wicked pontiffs,
bloody kings;
and like lightning you
shock men's minds.

Sculpture, painting
and poetry
first lived for you, Ahriman,
Adonis and Astarte,

When Venus

Anadyomene
blessed the
clear Ionian skies

For you the trees of
Lebannon shook,
resurrected lover
of the holy Cyprian:

For you wild dances were done
and choruses swelled
for you virgins offered
their spotless love,

Amongst the perfumed
palms of Idumea
where the Cyprian
seas foam.

To what avail did
the barbarous Christian
fury of Agape,
in obscene ritual,

With holy torch
burn down your temples,
scattering their
Greek statuary?

You, a refugee,
the mindful people
welcomed into their homes
amongst their household gods

Thereafter filling the throbbing
female heart
with your fervor
as both god and lover

You inspired the witch,
pallid from endless enquiry,
to succor
suffering nature

You, to the intent gaze
of the alchemist,

and to the skeptical eye
of the sorcerer,

You revealed bright
new heavens
beyond the confines
of the drowsy cloister.

Fleeing from material
things, where you reside,
the dreary monk took refuge
in the Theban desert.

To you O soul
with your sprig severed,
Satan is benign:
he gives you your Heloise.

You mortify yourself to no purpose,
in your rough sackcloth:
Satan still murmurs to you
lines from Maro and Flaccus

Amidst the dirge
and wailing of the Psalms;
and he brings to your side
the divine shapes,

Roseate amidst that
horrid black crowd,
of Lycoris
and Glycera

But other shapes
from a more glorious age
fitfully fill
the sleepless cell.

Satan, from pages
in Livy, conjures fervent
tribunes, consuls,
restless throngs;

And he thrusts you,
O monk, with your memories
of Italy's proud past

upon the Capitol.

And you whom the raging
pyre could not destroy,
voices of destiny,
Wycliffe and Huss,

You lift to the winds
your waning cry:
'The new age is dawning,
the time has come'.

And already mitres
and crowns tremble:
from the cloister
rebellion rumbles

Preaching defiance
in the voice of the
cassocked Girolamo
Savonarola

As Martin Luther
threw off his monkish robes,
so throw off your shackles,
O mind of man,

And crowned with flame,
shoot lightning and thunder;
Matter, arise;
Satan has won.

Both beautiful and awful
a monster is unleashed
it scours the oceans
is scours the land

Glittering and belching smoke
like a volcano,
it conquers the hills
it devours the plains.

It flies over chasms,
then burrows
into unknown caverns
along deepest paths;

To re-emerge, unconquerable
from shore to shore
it bellows out
like a whirlwind,

Like a whirlwind
it spews its breath:
'It is Satan, you peoples,

He passes by, bringing blessing
from place to place,
upon his unstoppable
chariot of fire

Hail, O Satan
O rebellion,
O you avenging force
of human reason!

Let holy incense
and prayers rise to you!
You have utterly vanquished
the Jehova of the Priests.

FROM GOD AND THE STATE (1882)

BY MIKHAIL BAKUNIN

I

Who are right, the idealists or the materialists? The question once stated in this way, hesitation becomes impossible. Undoubtedly the idealists are wrong and the materialists right. Yes, facts are before ideas; yes, the ideal, as Proudhon said, is but a flower, whose root lies in the material conditions of existence. Yes, the whole history of humanity, intellectual and moral, political and social, is but a reflection of its economic history.

All branches of modern science, of true and disinterested science, concur in proclaiming this grand truth, fundamental and decisive: The social world, properly speaking, the human world — in short, humanity — is nothing other than the last and supreme development — at least on our planet and as far as we know — the highest manifestation of animality. But as every development necessarily implies a negation, that of its base or point of departure, humanity is at the same time and essentially the deliberate and gradual negation of the animal element in man; and it is precisely this negation, as rational as it is natural, and rational only because natural — at once historical and logical, as inevitable as the development and realization of all the natural laws in the world — that constitutes and creates the ideal, the world of intellectual and moral convictions, ideas.

Yes, our first ancestors, our Adams and our Eves, were, if not gorillas, very near relatives of gorillas, omnivorous, intelligent and ferocious beasts, endowed in a higher degree than the animals of any other species with two precious faculties — *the power to think* and *the desire to rebel*.

These faculties, combining their progressive action in history, represent the essential factor, the negative power in the positive development of human animality, and create consequently all that constitutes humanity in man.

The Bible, which is a very interesting and here and there very profound book when considered as one of the oldest surviving manifestations of human wisdom and fancy, expresses this truth very naively in its myth of original sin. Jehovah, who of all the good gods adored by men was certainly the most jealous, the most vain, the most ferocious, the most unjust, the most bloodthirsty, the most despotic, and the most hostile to human dignity and liberty — Jehovah had just created Adam and Eve, to satisfy we know not what caprice; no doubt to while away his time, which must weigh heavy on his hands in his eternal egoistic solitude, or that he might have

some new slaves. He generously placed at their disposal the whole earth, with all its fruits and animals, and set but a single limit to this complete enjoyment. He expressly forbade them from touching the fruit of the tree of knowledge. He wished, therefore, that man, destitute of all understanding of himself, should remain an eternal beast, ever on all-fours before the eternal God, his creator and his master. But here steps in Satan, the eternal rebel, the first freethinker and the emancipator of worlds. He makes man ashamed of his bestial ignorance and obedience; he emancipates him, stamps upon his brow the seal of liberty and humanity, in urging him to disobey and eat of the fruit of knowledge.

We know what followed. The good God, whose foresight, which is one of the divine faculties, should have warned him of what would happen, flew into a terrible and ridiculous rage; he cursed Satan, man, and the world created by himself, striking himself so to speak in his own creation, as children do when they get angry; and, not content with smiting our ancestors themselves, he cursed them in all the generations to come, innocent of the crime committed by their forefathers. Our Catholic and Protestant theologians look upon that as very profound and very just, precisely because it is monstrously iniquitous and absurd. Then, remembering that he was not only a God of vengeance and wrath, but also a God of love, after having tormented the existence of a few milliards of poor human beings and condemned them to an eternal hell, he took pity on the rest, and, to save them and reconcile his eternal and divine love with his eternal and divine anger, always greedy for victims and blood, he sent into the world, as an expiatory victim, his only son, that he might be killed by men. That is called the mystery of the Redemption, the basis of all the Christian religions. Still, if the divine Savior had saved the human world! But no; in the paradise promised by Christ, as we know, such being the formal announcement, the elect will number very few. The rest, the immense majority of the generations present and to come, will burn eternally in hell. In the meantime, to console us, God, ever just, ever good, hands over the earth to the government of the Napoleon Thirds, of the William Firsts, of the Ferdinands of Austria, and of the Alexanders of all the Russias.

Such are the absurd tales that are told and the monstrous doctrines that are taught, in the full light of the nineteenth century, in all the public schools of Europe, at the express command of the government. They call this civilizing the people! Is it not plain that all these governments are systematic poisoners, interested stupefiers of the masses?

I have wandered from my subject, because anger gets hold of me whenever I think of the base and criminal means which they employ to keep the nations in perpetual slavery, undoubtedly that they may be the better able to fleece them. Of what consequence are the crimes of all the Tropicannas in the world compared with this crime of treason against humanity committed daily, in broad day, over the whole surface of the civilized world, by those who dare to call themselves the guardians and the fathers of the people? I return to the myth of original sin.

God admitted that Satan was right; he recognized that the devil did not deceive Adam and Eve in promising them knowledge and liberty as a reward for the act of disobedience which he had induced them to commit; for, immediately they had eaten of the forbidden fruit, God himself said (see Bible): “Behold, man is become as of the Gods, knowing both good and evil; prevent him, therefore, from eating of the fruit of eternal life, lest he become immortal like Ourselves.”

Let us disregard now the fabulous portion of this myth and consider its true meaning, which is very clear. Man has emancipated himself; he has separated himself from animality and constituted himself a man; he has begun his distinctively human history and development by an act of disobedience and science — that is, by *rebellion* and by *thought*.

FROM *AUT DIABOLUS, AUT NIHIL* (1985)

BY JULIAN OSGOOD FIELD

The carriage stopped, Pomerantseff opened the door himself, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight.

"There are five steps," he said, as he held the abbe by the arm. "Take care!"

The abbe stumbled up the five steps. They had now entered a house, and Girod imagined to himself it was probably some old hotel like the Hotel Pimodan, where Gautier, Baudelaire, and others at one time were wont to resort to disperse the cares of life in the fumes of opium. When they had proceeded a few yards, Pomerantseff warned him that they were about to ascend a staircase, and up many shallow steps they went, the abbe regretting every instant more and more that he had allowed his vulgar curiosity to lead him into an adventure which could be productive of nothing but ridicule and shattered nerves.

When at length they had reached the top of the stairs, the prince guided him by the arm through what the abbe imagined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it after them, walked on again, opened another door, which he closed and locked likewise, and over which the abbe heard him pull a heavy curtain. The prince then took him again by the arm, advanced him a few steps, and said in a low whisper—

"Remain quietly standing where you are. I rely upon your honour not to attempt to remove the pocket-handkerchief from your eyes until you hear voices."

The abbe folded his arms and stood motionless, while he heard the prince walk away, and then suddenly all sound ceased.

It was evident to the unfortunate priest that the room in which he stood was not dark; for although he could of course see nothing owing to the pocket-handkerchief, which had been bound most skilfully over his eyes, there was a sensation of being in strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt, as it were, illuminated.

Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror through him—a gentle noise as of naked flesh touching the waxed floor—and before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the sound, the voices of many men—voices of men groaning or wailing in some hideous ecstasy—broke the stillness, crying—

"Father and creator of all sin and crime, prince and king of all despair and anguish! come to us, we implore thee!"

The abbe, wild with terror, tore off the pocket-handkerchief.

He found himself in a large old-fashioned room, panelled up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light shed from innumerable tapers fitted into sconces on the wall— light which, though by its nature soft, was almost fierce by reason of its greatness and intensity, proceeded from these countless tapers.

He had then been, after all, right in his con-jectures: he was evidently in a chamber of some one of the many old-fashioned hotels which are to be seen still in the Ile Saint Louis, and indeed in all the antiquated parts of Paris. It was reassuring, at all events, to know one was not in the infernal regions, and to feel tolerably certain that a sergent de ville could not be many yards distant.

All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lightning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his whole attention was riveted upon the group before him.

Twelve men—Pomerantseff among- the number—of all ages from five-and-twenty to fifty-five, all dressed in evening dress, and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, men of culture and refinement, lay nearly prone upon the floor with hands linked.

They were bowing forward and kissing the floor—which might account for the strange sound heard by Girod—and their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstasy, half distorted, as if in pain, half smiling, as if in triumph.

The abbe's eyes instinctively sought out the prince.

He was the last on the left-hand side, and while his left hand grasped that of his neighbour, his right was sweeping nervously over the bare waxed floor, as if seeking to animate the boards. His face was more calm than those of the others, but of a deadly pallor, and the violet tints about the mouth and temples showed he was suffering from intense emotion.

They were all, each after his own fashion, praying aloud, or rather moaning, as they writhed in ecstatic adoration.

"O Father of evil! come to us!"

"O Prince of endless desolation! who sittest by the beds of suicides, we adore thee!"

"O Creator of eternal anguish!"

"O King of cruel pleasures and famishing desires! we worship thee!"

"Come to us, thy foot upon the hearts of widows!"

"Come to us, thy hair lurid with the slaughter of innocence!"

"Come to us, thy brow wreathed with the clinging chaplet of despair!"

"Come to us!"

The heart of the abbe turned cold and sick as these beings, hardly human by reason of their great mental exaltation, swayed before him, and as the air, charged with a subtle and overwhelming electricity, seemed to throb as from the echo of innumerable voiceless harps.

Suddenly—or rather, the full conception of the fact was sudden, for the influence had been gradually stealing over him—he felt a terrible coldness, a coldness more piercing than any he had ever before experienced even in Russia, and with the coldness there came to him the certain knowledge of the presence of some new being in the room.

Withdrawing his eyes from the semicircle of men, who did not seem to be aware of his, the abbe's presence, and who ceased not in their blasphemies, he turned them slowly around, and as he did so they fell upon a newcomer, a Thirteenth, who seemed to spring into existence from the air, and before his very eyes.

CHAPTER VII

He was a young man of apparently twenty, tall, as beardless as the young Augustus, with bright golden hair falling from his forehead like a girl's. He was dressed in evening dress, and his cheeks were flushed as if with wine or pleasure; but from his eyes there gleamed a look of inexpressible sadness, of intense despair.

The group of men had evidently become aware of his presence at the same moment, for they all fell prone upon the floor adoring, and their words were now no longer words of invocation, but words of praise and worship.

The abbe was frozen with horror: there was no room in his breast for the lesser emotion of fear; indeed, the horror was so great and all-absorbing as to charm him and hold him spellbound.

He could not remove his eyes from the Thirteenth, who stood before him calmly, a faint smile playing over his intellectual and aristocratic face—a smile which only added to the intensity of the despair gleaming in his clear blue eyes.

Girod was struck first with the sadness, then with the beauty, and then with the intellectual vigour, of that marvellous countenance.

The expression was not unkind or even cold; haughtiness and pride might indeed be read in the high-bred features, shell-like sensitive nostrils, and short upper lip; while the exquisite symmetry and perfect proportions of his figure showed suppleness and steel-like strength: for the rest, the face betokened, save for the flush upon the cheeks, only great sadness.

The eyes were fixed upon those of Girod, and he felt their soft, subtle, intense light penetrate into every nook and cranny of his soul and being. This terrible Thirteenth simply stood and gazed upon the priest, as the worshippers grew more wild, more blasphemous, more cruel.

The abbe could think of nothing but the face before him, and the great desolation that lay folded over it as a veil. He could think of no prayer, although he could remember there were prayers. Was this Despair—the Despair of a man drowning in sight of land—being shed into him from the sad blue eyes? Was it Despair or was it Death?

Ah no, not Death! —Death was peaceful, and this was violent and passionate.

Was there no refuge, no mercy, no salvation anywhere? Perhaps, nay, surely; but while those sad blue eyes still gazed upon him, the sadness, as it seemed to him, intensifying every moment, he could not remember where to seek for and where to find such refuge, such mercy, such salvation. He could not remember, and yet he could not entirely forget. He felt that help would come to him if he sought it, and yet he could hardly tell how to seek it.

Moreover, by degrees the blue eyes—it seemed as if their colour, their great blueness, had some fearful power—began pouring into him some more hideous pleasure. It was the ecstasy of great pain becoming a delight, the ecstasy of being beyond all hope, and of being thus enabled to look with scorn upon the Author of hope. And all the while the blue eyes still gazed sadly, with a soft smile breathing overwhelming despair upon him.

Girod knew that in another moment he would not sink, faint, or fall, but that he would,—oh! much worse!—he would smile!

FROM *LA-BAS* (1891)

BY JORIS KARL HUYSMANS, TRANS. KEENE WALLACE

"This is the place," said Mme. Chantelouve.

She rang. The grating opened. She raised her veil. A shaft of lantern light struck her full in the face, the door opened noiselessly, and they penetrated into a garden.

"Good evening, madame."

"Good evening, Marie. In the chapel?"

"Yes. Does madame wish me to guide her?"

"No, thanks."

The woman with the lantern scrutinized Durtal. He perceived, beneath a hood, wisps of grey hair falling in disorder over a wrinkled old face, but she did not give him time to examine her and returned to a tent beside the wall serving her as a lodge.

He followed Hyacinthe, who traversed the dark lanes, between rows of palms, to the entrance of a building. She opened the doors as if she were quite at home, and her heels clicked resolutely on the flagstones.

"Be careful," she said, going through a vestibule. "There are three steps."

They came out into a court and stopped before an old house. She rang. A little man advanced, hiding his features, and greeted her in an affected, sing-song voice. She passed, saluting him, and Durtal brushed a fly-blown face, the eyes liquid, gummy, the cheeks plastered with cosmetics, the lips painted.

"I have stumbled into a lair of sodomists.—You didn't tell me that I was to be thrown into such company," he said to Hyacinthe, overtaking her at the turning of a corridor lighted by a lamp.

"Did you expect to meet saints here?"

She shrugged her shoulders and opened a door. They were in a chapel with a low ceiling crossed by beams gaudily painted with coal-tar pigment. The windows were hidden by great curtains. The

walls were cracked and dingy. Durtal recoiled after a few steps. Gusts of humid, mouldy air and of that indescribable new-stove acidity poured out of the registers to mingle with an irritating odour of alkali, resin, and burnt herbs. He was choking, his temples throbbing.

He advanced groping, attempting to accustom his eyes to the half-darkness. The chapel was vaguely lighted by sanctuary lamps suspended from chandeliers of gilded bronze with pink glass pendants. Hyacinthe made him a sign to sit down, then she went over to a group of people sitting on divans in a dark corner. Rather vexed at being left here, away from the centre of activity, Durtal noticed that there were many women and few men present, but his efforts to discover their features were unavailing. As here and there a lamp swayed, he occasionally caught sight of a Junonian brunette, then of a smooth-shaven, melancholy man. He observed that the women were not chattering to each other. Their conversation seemed awed and grave. Not a laugh, not a raised voice, was heard, but an irresolute, furtive whispering, unaccompanied by gesture.

"Hmm," he said to himself. "It doesn't look as if Satan made his faithful happy."

A choir boy, clad in red, advanced to the end of the chapel and lighted a stand of candles. Then the altar became visible. It was an ordinary church altar on a tabernacle above which stood an infamous, derisive Christ. The head had been raised and the neck lengthened, and wrinkles, painted in the cheeks, transformed the grieving face to a bestial one twisted into a mean laugh. He was naked, and where the loincloth should have been, there was a virile member projecting from a bush of horsehair. In front of the tabernacle the chalice, covered with a pall, was placed. The choir boy folded the altar cloth, wiggled his haunches, stood tiptoe on one foot and flipped his arms as if to fly away like a cherub, on pretext of reaching up to light the black tapers whose odour of coal tar and pitch was now added to the pestilential smell of the stuffy room.

Durtal recognized beneath the red robe the "fairy" who had guarded the chapel entrance, and he understood the rôle reserved for this man, whose sacrilegious nastiness was substituted for the purity of childhood acceptable to the Church.

Then another choir boy, more hideous yet, exhibited himself. Hollow chested, racked by coughs, withered, made up with white grease paint and vivid carmine, he hobbled about humming. He approached the tripods flanking the altar, stirred the smouldering incense pots and threw in leaves and chunks of resin.

Durtal was beginning to feel uncomfortable when Hyacinthe rejoined him. She excused herself for having left him by himself so long, invited him to change his place, and conducted him to a seat far in the rear, behind all the rows of chairs.

"This is a real chapel, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. This house, this church, the garden that we crossed, are the remains of an old Ursuline convent. For a long time this chapel was used to store hay. The house belonged to a livery-stable keeper, who sold it to that woman," and she pointed out a stout brunette of whom Durtal before had caught a fleeting glimpse.

"Is she married?"

"No. She is a former nun who was debauched long ago by Docre."

"Ah. And those gentlemen who seem to be hiding in the darkest places?"

"They are Satanists. There is one of them who was a professor in the School of Medicine. In his home he has an oratorium where he prays to a statue of Venus Astarte mounted on an altar."

"No!"

"I mean it. He is getting old, and his demoniac orisons increase tenfold his forces, which he is using up with creatures of that sort," and with a gesture she indicated the choir boys.

"You guarantee the truth of this story?"

"You will find it narrated at great length in a religious journal. *Les annales de la sainteté*. And though his identity was made pretty patent in the article, the man did not dare prosecute the editors.—What's the matter with you?" she asked, looking at him closely.

"I'm strangling. The odour from those incense burners is unbearable."

"You will get used to it in a few seconds."

"But what do they burn that smells like that?"

"Asphalt from the street, leaves of henbane, datura, dried nightshade, and myrrh. These are perfumes delightful to Satan, our master." She spoke in that changed, guttural voice which had been hers at times when in bed with him. He looked her squarely in the face. She was pale, the lips pressed tight, the pluvius eyes blinking rapidly.

"Here he comes!" she murmured suddenly, while women in front of them scurried about or knelt in front of the chairs.

Preceded by the two choir boys the canon entered, wearing a scarlet bonnet from which two buffalo horns of red cloth protruded. Durtal examined him as he marched toward the altar. He was tall, but not well built, his bulging chest being out of proportion to the rest of his body. His peeled forehead made one continuous line with his straight nose. The lips and cheeks bristled with that kind of hard, clumpy beard which old priests have who have always shaved themselves. The features were round and insinuating, the eyes, like apple pips, close together, phosphorescent. As a whole his face was evil and sly, but energetic, and the hard, fixed eyes were not the furtive, shifty orbs that Durtal had imagined.

The canon solemnly knelt before the altar, then mounted the steps and began to say mass. Durtal saw then that he had nothing on beneath his sacrificial habit. His black socks and his flesh bulging over the garters, attached high up on his legs, were plainly visible. The chasuble had the shape of an ordinary chasuble but was of the dark red colour of dried blood, and in the middle, in a triangle around which was an embroidered border of colchicum, savin, sorrel, and spurge, was the figure of a black billy-goat presenting his horns.

Docre made the genuflexions, the full-or half-length inclinations specified by the ritual. The kneeling choir boys sang the Latin responses in a crystalline voice which trilled on the ultimate syllables of the words.

"But it's a simple low mass," said Durtal to Mme. Chantelouve.

She shook her head. Indeed, at that moment the choir boys passed behind the altar and one of them brought back copper chafing-dishes, the other, censers, which they distributed to the congregation. All the women enveloped themselves in the smoke. Some held their heads right over the chafing-dishes and inhaled deeply, then, fainting, unlaced themselves, heaving raucous sighs.

The sacrifice ceased. The priest descended the steps backward, knelt on the last one, and in a sharp, tripidant voice cried:

"Master of Slanders, Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices, Satan, thee we adore, reasonable God, just God!

"Superadmirable legate of false trances, thou receivest our beseeching tears; thou savest the honour of families by aborting wombs impregnated in the forgetfulness of the good orgasm; thou dost

suggest to the mother the hastening of untimely birth, and thine obstetrics spares the still-born children the anguish of maturity, the contamination of original sin.

"Mainstay of the despairing Poor, Cordial of the Vanquished, it is thou who endowest them with hypocrisy, ingratitude, and stiff-neckedness, that they may defend themselves against the children of God, the Rich.

"Suzerain of Resentment, Accountant of Humiliations, Treasurer of old Hatreds, thou alone dost fertilize the brain of man whom injustice has crushed; thou breathest into him the idea of meditated vengeance, sure misdeeds; thou incitest him to murder; thou givest him the abundant joy of accomplished reprisals and permittest him to taste the intoxicating draught of the tears of which he is the cause.

"Hope of Virility, Anguish of the Empty Womb, thou dost not demand the bootless offering of chaste loins, thou dost not sing the praises of Lenten follies; thou alone receivest the carnal supplications and petitions of poor and avaricious families. Thou determinest the mother to sell her daughter, to give her son; thou aidest sterile and reprobate loves; Guardian of strident Neuroses, Leaden Tower of Hysteria, bloody Vase of Rape!

"Master, thy faithful servants, on their knees, implore thee and supplicate thee to satisfy them when they wish the torture of all those who love them and aid them; they supplicate thee to assure them the joy of delectable misdeeds unknown to justice, spells whose unknown origin baffles the reason of man; they ask, finally, glory, riches, power, of thee, King of the Disinherited, Son who art to overthrow the inexorable Father!"

Then Docre rose, and erect, with arms outstretched, vociferated in a ringing voice of hate:

"And thou, thou whom, in my quality of priest, I force, whether thou wilt or no, to descend into this host, to incarnate thyself in this bread, Jesus, Artisan of Hoaxes, Bandit of Homage, Robber of Affection, hear! Since the day when thou didst issue from the complaisant bowels of a Virgin, thou hast failed all thine engagements, belied all thy promises. Centuries have wept, awaiting thee, fugitive God, mute God! Thou wast to redeem man and thou hast not, thou wast to appear in thy glory, and thou sleepest. Go, lie, say to the wretch who appeals to thee, 'Hope, be patient, suffer; the hospital of souls will receive thee; the angels will assist thee; Heaven opens to thee.' Impostor! thou knowest well that the angels, disgusted at thine inertness, abandon thee! Thou wast to be the Interpreter of our complaints, the Chamberlain of our tears; thou wast to convey them to the Father and thou hast not done so, for this intercession would disturb thine eternal sleep of happy satiety.

"Thou hast forgotten the poverty thou didst preach, enamoured vassal of Banks! Thou hast seen the weak crushed beneath the press of profit; thou hast heard the death rattle of the timid, paralyzed by famine, of women disembowelled for a bit of bread, and thou hast caused the Chancery of thy Simoniacs, thy commercial representatives, thy Popes, to answer by dilatory excuses and evasive promises, sacristy Shyster, huckster God!

"Master, whose inconceivable ferocity engenders life and inflicts it on the innocent whom thou darest damn—in the name of what original sin?—whom thou darest punish—by the virtue of what covenants?—we would have thee confess thine impudent cheats, thine inexpiable crimes! We would drive deeper the nails into thy hands, press down the crown of thorns upon thy brow, bring blood and water from the dry wounds of thy sides.

"And that we can and will do by violating the quietude of thy body, Profaner of ample vices, Abstractor of stupid purities, cursed Nazarene, do-nothing King, coward God!" "Amen!" trilled the soprano voices of the choir boys.

Durtal listened in amazement to this torrent of blasphemies and insults. The foulness of the priest stupefied him. A silence succeeded the litany. The chapel was foggy with the smoke of the censers. The women, hitherto taciturn, flustered now, as, remounting the altar, the canon turned toward them and blessed them with his left hand in a sweeping gesture. And suddenly the choir boys tinkled the prayer bells.

It was a signal. The women fell to the carpet and writhed. One of them seemed to be worked by a spring. She threw herself prone and waved her legs in the air. Another, suddenly struck by a hideous strabism, clucked, then becoming tongue-tied stood with her mouth open, the tongue turned back, the tip cleaving to the palate. Another, inflated, livid, her pupils dilated, lolled her head back over her shoulders, then jerked it brusquely erect and belaboured herself, tearing her breast with her nails. Another, sprawling on her back, undid her skirts, drew forth a rag, enormous, meteorized; then her face twisted into a horrible grimace, and her tongue, which she could not control, stuck out, bitten at the edges, harrowed by red teeth, from a bloody mouth.

Suddenly Durtal rose, and now he heard and saw Docre distinctly.

Docre contemplated the Christ surmounting the tabernacle, and with arms spread wide apart he spewed forth frightful insults, and, at the end of his forces, muttered the billingsgate of a drunken cabman. One of the choir boys knelt before him with his back toward the altar. A shudder ran around the priest's spine. In a solemn but jerky voice he said, "*Hoc est enim corpus meum*," then,

instead of kneeling, after the consecration, before the precious Body, he faced the congregation, and appeared tumefied, haggard, dripping with sweat. He staggered between the two choir boys, who, raising the chasuble, displayed his naked belly. Docre made a few passes and the host sailed, tainted and soiled, over the steps.

Durtal felt himself shudder. A whirlwind of hysteria shook the room. While the choir boys sprinkled holy water on the pontiff's nakedness, women rushed upon the Eucharist and, grovelling in front of the altar, clawed from the bread humid particles and drank and ate divine ordure.

Another woman, curled up over a crucifix, emitted a rending laugh, then cried to Docre, "Father, father!" A crone tore her hair, leapt, whirled around and around as on a pivot and fell over beside a young girl who, huddled to the wall, was writhing in convulsions, frothing at the mouth, weeping, and spitting out frightful blasphemies. And Durtal, terrified, saw through the fog the red horns of Docre, who, seated now, frothing with rage, was chewing up sacramental wafers, taking them out of his mouth, wiping himself with them, and distributing them to the women, who ground them underfoot, howling, or fell over each other struggling to get hold of them and violate them.

The place was simply a madhouse, a monstrous pandemonium of prostitutes and maniacs. Now, while the choir boys gave themselves to the men, and while the woman who owned the chapel, mounted the altar caught hold of the phallus of the Christ with one hand and with the other held a chalice between "His" naked legs, a little girl, who hitherto had not budged, suddenly bent over forward and howled, howled like a dog. Overcome with disgust, nearly asphyxiated, Durtal wanted to flee. He looked for Hyacinthe. She was no longer at his side. He finally caught sight of her close to the canon and, stepping over the writhing bodies on the floor, he went to her. With quivering nostrils she was inhaling the effluvia of the perfumes and of the couples.

"The sabbatic odour!" she said to him between clenched teeth, in a strangled voice.

"Here, let's get out of this!"

She seemed to wake, hesitated a moment, then without answering she followed him. He elbowed his way through the crowd, jostling women whose protruding teeth were ready to bite. He pushed Mme. Chantelouve to the door, crossed the court, traversed the vestibule, and, finding the portress' lodge empty, he drew the cord and found himself in the street.

There he stopped and drew the fresh air deep into his lungs. Hyacinthe, motionless, dizzy, huddled to the wall away from him.

He looked at her. "Confess that you would like to go in there again."

"No," she said with an effort. "These scenes shatter me. I am in a daze. I must have a glass of water."

FROM *DIE SYNAGOGE DES SATAN* (1897)

BY STANISLAW PRZYBYSZEWSKI, TRANS. PETTER SPJUT

There are two Gods in eternal opposition: two Originators, two Lords without beginning and end.

The good God created the spirits, the pure beings; his world, which is the realm of the invisible, the world of completion, knows neither struggle, nor pain.

The evil God created the visible, the corporeal and the transitory. He made the flesh and the passions, the earth with its struggles, its distress and desperation, the immeasurable valley of tears; he made nature, which produces only pain, desperation and evil.

The good God— that is the norm, the law, humility and resignation. He says to his children: Be poor in spirit, only then will you find your way into my Kingdom. Be more childlike than the children, eradicate your volition, follow me! Do not seek an origin or an aim, for it is only with me that you will find the past and the future.

The evil god— that is lawlessness, the defiant and visionary leap into the future. He is the wish to uncover the deepest secrets, and he is the defiance of titanic proportions, the defiance that unrestrained dispatches all laws, all norms. He is the highest wisdom and depravity, the wildest pride and the most devious humbleness, since it is the only way to overthrow rules. He has sanctified pride, recklessness and lust for power, and all of these things he calls heroism; he has taught humanity that there is no crime except to act against one's own nature. He has made curiosity holy and called it science; he allowed humanity to search for its own origins and he called that philosophy, and boundless as he was, he let loose all instincts in the marital bed and called it art.

The evil God was good, a good father and a benevolent guide:

“So you are ill and wish to be healed? Look! My earth is abundant with all kinds of herbs that can cure you, it is lavish with dangerous poisons, but you can force them to serve you as a remedy.

“So you wish to get rich— you are searching for hidden treasures? Oh, I have a thousand means that you can use to lure your soul from its hiding place and make it reveal the precious veins of the earth. Your soul knows everything; it has the same primal origins as I.

“So you wish to look into the future and tell your fortunes? Go, study the flight of the birds, listen to the sound of the leaves, glance at the stars, look into the crystal ball, decipher the lines in your hand— in a thousand forms I have shaped your future in advance, so study, seek and decipher, because my commandment is acuteness and craftiness, prudence, farsightedness and creative curiosity.

“So you wish to destroy an enemy without being reached by the law? Go! Learn how to separate your soul from your body and I will carry it a thousand miles, so that you, being invisible, will be able to satisfy your heart’s desire.

“So you have lost your wife to death? I have compassion with your love, since that kind of love, the procreative love, is close to my heart. Go! I have a thousand means, a thousand ways, to snatch your beloved from death. I promise you everything. If you walk my path, you shall behold and receive everything. But my path is a hard one, as any road to perfection is difficult.”

Thus spoke the evil God, the Bringer of light and the Paraclete of Satan, before his great enemy, the youth from Galilee, was born. And many walked his path, and, during years of trials and tribulations, they discovered the secrets of the sky and the earth. They turned all things around, so that poison became a remedy, water showed them the future and the volcanic vapor that poured out of the earth revealed to them the most secret essence of things. And further and further, they advanced on the path of vision: A circle that they drew around themselves, a number of vowels that they successively spoke, one after another, a prayer, a movement of a hand— all of these things were enough to establish a connection between their soul and the whole universe, to revoke all laws of space and time and to boundlessly behold the interconnections between cause and effect from the beginning of everything to the most distant future.

Yet was Satan-Antichrist to be born to that time.

The evil God was twofold. Satan-Father, Satan-Samyâsa, Satan, the poet and philosopher, existed in the pride, almighty and all-knowing lineage of the magicians. He lived in the secluded mysteries of the Chaldean temples, and his priests were the Hakamim (the physicians), the Khartumim (the magicians, the Kasdim and Gazrim (the astrologists). This Satan lived in the doctrines of Mazdeism, and his children, the magicians, the Great ones, guarded the holy fire that came to them from heaven, and, from Ahura-Mazda, the good God, Zarathustra learned the secrets of the Soma plant. The Egyptian God Thot transmitted the secret knowledge to Trismegistes in forty- two books and taught his chosen ones about the parts of the body, and the dreadful Hecate imparted to her chosen ones the gift of magic vision and effect, and, above all, the gift of im perceptible murder.

But Satan-Satyr, Satan-Pan and Satan-Phallus also lived on earth, alongside with Satan- Thot and Satan- Hekate. He was the God of the instincts and the fleshly desire, honored with equal measure by the highest and the lowest in spirit; he was the inexhaustible source for passion, exaltation and ecstasy. The female he taught the art of seduction, an art that allowed humanity to satisfy their desires in a passion that extended to both sexes; he took delight in colors, invented the flute and placed the muscles in a rhythmic motion, until the holy mania embraced the hearts and the holy phallus inseminated the fertile womb with its abundance.

Pan was Apollo and Aphrodite at the same time. He was the God of the hearth and home as well as the God of the brothel. He had written down the philosophical systems, built museums and wonderful temples, learnt medicine and mathematic, at the same time as he had his temple in Arstarteion, which was an enormous brothel, a place where the Priestesses spent years of practices to master all possible means for sexual satisfaction.

During this time, around the time of the Emperor Tiberius, when the time for the Gods' great migration to Rome began, a time of highest sophistication and aristocratic indulgence, the "good" God, who until now had dwelt in his invisible kingdom in a state of privileged idleness, decided that the amount of sins had gone out of control, and he sent his son to the earth, so that he would be able to impart the gloomy truth of the invisible kingdom to the offspring of the "evil" God.

In a desolate struggle, the Church tears apart the veins through which the blood of the earth flows into humanity. It destroys the natural selection, which outwardly manifests itself in beauty, power and glory, it protects everything from which nature seeks to purge itself, everything against which it so forcefully turns itself: the filth, the ugliness, the disease, the crippled and the castrated. Most of all, the church would have liked to castrate everyone, to extinguish the light, to let the whole world be consumed by a rain of brimstone, and its only longing, its most flaming desire, was the fierce wish that the promised judgement day would finally arrive!

But the nerve, the vein, was not easily destroyed. Particularly the people, the earthborn ones, rooted themselves firmly in the ground and seized every opportunity to return to the beloved Gods of the earth. In the most blood thirsty laws, the Christians directed their rabid rage against the pagans, but the demon— that is, earth, nature— was imperishable. He walked around in the woods, hid himself in remote caves, gathered his faithful ones together and celebrated the wild rites of Bacchus.

But most severe was the fanatic, rabid rage that they directed against the magicians and physicians of Satan. Be poor in spirit, obedient, imitate, do not think! That was the foremost law of the religion for the feeble-minded mob. But the magician was proud and defied all laws. Against the law of gravitation he elevated himself in the air and did not sink in the water. If he

wanted to, he could be thrown into the fire and walk out of it without a scratch. The magician was too proud to imitate: if he only wanted, he could be just as good a God as Christ. “Christ was not able to do more than I, I can also make myself divine through virtue,” Theodorus from Mopsuesta said. The magician despised poverty in spirit, since he revealed all secrets and solved all riddles. From the stars he was able to tell the successors of the emperor and he knew the future of all people. The magician was what also Christ had been: the defiant breaker of all laws, the wise visionary; he was God, but the magician was prouder than Christ had been. Christ adapted his teachings to the mob. He made farmers and servants his partners in crime against the old covenant, people who were more childlike than children. The magician only planted his teachings in the souls of the most pride and mighty.

I am the God of light! Evil God of vengeance, you have overthrown me, because I was light. Your envy of my beauty, my glory and my light was greater than my power, but now you shall fear me, fear my pride and my hatred against the mighty one! I, the eternal light, do not sleep and neither do my children, whom I have nurtured with eternal light. But your children, who hate the light, who fear the light, your children, who crawl before your feet in despicable slavery, your children, tired from the struggle with me—they must sleep. See! I am the ruler among rulers, I associate with them, I dance with them—you are a dark tyrant among crawling worms.

In sad resignation, the Cathars reached the conclusion that matter is evil, that everything that emerges through the process of development and every thing that receives its essence through procreation and reproduction belongs to the Lord of darkness.

The people shared this opinion completely. The church itself had, in its hate against instinct and nature, associated the world with Satan, and the people did not understand anything of the sophistry, through which the church sought to save the moral freedom.

For the people, all of the ideas about evil as simply the negation, all the sophistries about sin and the reason for its emergence, came across as strange – it was all private matters, over which the Church Fathers racked their brains. For the people, as well as in the Christian praxis in general, a fully developed dualism between the mundane and the celestial existed. That was the evil as such, this was the good.

And no one cared to know whether evil was something that had come to emerge, or if it had existed as a second eternal principle from the beginning.

The medieval period does not know anything about God. It is first during the middle of the thirteenth century that he shows up in works of art, modest at the side of his son, the son that the people had left to the theologians. The whole medieval period only knows one religion, one fear and hope: Satan.

Evil demons flow around man from every direction, “as when someone is descended into the Ocean and wholly surrounded by water.” From time to time, they swarm around him “like a thick vault, so that there is no room for any air pocket between them.” “The amount of devils is as great as the atoms of the sun, in every fold of life, a demon hides itself. There is neither a time, nor place, where man is safe from them.”

He is the only true and sole ruler of the earth and the people, he is no servant, no “monkey” of God, as Irenaeus spitefully refers to him as. Rather he is a God, existent from the beginning and onward, a God, whose sphere of influence reaches even into the prayer of the white, lazy God, since it was He who taught the children of the God of light to enter a state of ecstasy and to achieve stigmatization. It was He who inspired the saints to paralyze the evil miracle through a “choc en retour,” and he alone is the father of life, of procreation, development and the eternal return.

Not evil, but good is a negation. Good is a negation of passions, the passions through which everything emerges, as every passion has its Daimonium. The good is a negation of life, since all life is evil.

Satan is the positive, the eternal in itself. He is the God of the brain, he rules over the immeasurable Kingdom of thoughts, thoughts that again and again overthrow the laws and smashes the tables. He evokes the curiosity needed to solve the mystery, to interpret the runes of the night; he gives the perpetrator the boldness to destroy the fortunes of the many thousand, so that something new can emerge. He spurs on the evil desires that tear up the earth with a ravenous appetite for new conditions of existence, desires that draw near that which is most distant, drags down the sky unto the earth and shakes the kingdoms of the earth against one another like dices.

Persecuted and destroyed, he always reanimates from his own ashes, mightier, more beautiful than ever before, and, thus, the eternally defeated has become the eternal victor. A thousand times, the church believed that they had defeated him, and, as a result, they became “satanized” themselves, and became lazy, corrupted in “head and members.” Because Satan is the eternal evil, and the eternal evil is life.

Everything that became something great emerged in opposition to the law, as a furious negation of the negation. Evil was the defiance in the phrase “e pur si mouve,” evil was the desire that drew Columbus to undiscovered countries, evil was the mother of the chemical sciences, and all accidents— explosion, death and famine— were all attributed to astrological divination.

Good— that was the vanity of a Gregory the great, who took pride in his shameful stupidity and prohibited grammatical studies for the spiritual ones. Good— that was the charming simplemindedness of saint Francis of Assisi, who for the duration of days imitated the braying of the donkeys surrounding the crib of the redeemer, ad maiorem Dei gloriam. Good was the murder of his own volition with regard to even the lowliest independent impulse. Good was the stupid imitatio, turned up to the degree of total senselessness.

In the name of Satan, Nietzsche taught the re-evaluation of all values. In his name, Antichrist dreams of alteration of the world of law. In his name, the artist creates, the artist, whose works one reads or watches in secret. But by the grace of God, the despicable stupidity rules the infinite mobs of children of “Light,” for whom the only Law of being, the only development, is violation, and crime the only rule of existence, for whom the development of religion means satanic heresy, development in art is a sign of cerebral softening, development in politics translates treason, and development in life is punishable perversion.

That is the Satan in the history of human development, ipse philosophus, daemon, heros et omnia, the father of the sciences, the torch that illuminates humanity, shines its light on the most secret foundations of life, the miserable brooder who again and again must redraw the circle destroyed by stupidity, the lawless one and the adversary.

This Satan is Samyâsa, the father of magicians, the “mathematician,” just like all of those, who have been involved with the arcane sciences, have been referred to as. He was only approachable for a few people, he was a dark aris tocrat, who only revealed his counsel to a few, to Agrippa, Paracelsus, van Dee and Helmont. He only allowed himself to be conjured by the most powerful, while he sent the horde of his hypocritical servants onto the earth, so that they would be able to ignite the passions, sow hate and crime, teach humanity vanity and pride, place their sex in a state of rage, so that the blood would flush out caution and reflection, wake the beast who does not shy away from any crime to satisfy its lusts.

In the kingdom of the satanic, there is only one principle: à rebours, the reversal of all values that have become sacred through the law. And the servants of Satan-Samyâsa came onto earth, while He, the Lucifer, the Light-bringer, the Paraclete of humanity, worked the black arts in sealed laboratories together with his magicians.

The servants of Satan will soon usurp the earth.

EXCERPTS FROM *DEN NY MORGENS GRY* (1906)

BY BEN KADOSH, TRANS. JOHAN NILSSON AND REBECCA BUGGE

“Lucifer is the “sum”—or I—of the material world, the creative logon or force. Both personal and impersonal or individual and non-individual, just as everything else in nature, as it should be. Actually, he is the object and the individual in the third person. If one possesses the necessary keys or the knowledge to release, or call him, one can evoke or supplicate—conjure— him forth; if not, one has to be content with receiving him in the spirit, disembodied, and according to his literal description.

Lucifer in his own form is not the ludicrous illusion they have tried to make him into, but a true, physical reality, albeit of a semi-material nature.

As the creative force in the immaterial, abstract, disembodied, but nonetheless active world incites to thought and research, so does the energy of the matter that transforms into life—that which, to us humans, is the most positive—a substitute for the abstract—active aspect of nature.

Lucifer is the potency of the forces of living matter in individual, personified form, the “sum” of creative nature.

This little leaflet of agitation has been created as propaganda for the sum or I of creative nature and its purpose will be this: to encourage the reinstatement and worship of the Pan-ideals and the Pan-substitutes of the ancients—based on a sincere understanding of them and their worth.

The dissemination of knowledge about, and the elevation of, the Lucifer Hiram of occult, esoteric freemasonry will thus be the main task of this little book’s propaganda and the manner in which it will recruit followers. Accordingly, its task has worthy claims to interest.

In the hope that this my endeavor, with the assistance of like-minded individuals, will contribute to the creation of a closed circle, more or less in the shape of a new esoteric masonic order, that will consecrate itself to a cult similar to that of the ancients, the present work is hereby submitted to the consideration and benevolence of my readers. For further information, especially with regard to the rediscovery of said keys, I will be available in my home at any time to occultists and similar seekers of secret knowledge.”

[...]

“Lucifer becomes the true exoteric exterior of Pan! Resembling: the appearance of the energy of darkness. The energy of darkness—bringing forth the light—is exactly the right expression—unfortunately completely misunderstood—of Lucifer! Lucifer is the true creator of things—the reality of Pan!

A consequence of this is that Pan is not the insignificant figure that humankind wants to make of him in its largely childish, naïve understanding of him, which allows men to mock him at their discretion.

Lucifer in his true reality and sublimity is a divine majesty!

It is not without reason that his ornament is: the Morning Star!

But below the morning star: Venus. Venus is the garment of Lucifer.

In amazement one may ask: how can the completely masculine Lucifer simultaneously be the feminine Venus? Regarding this one may simply answer: Lucifer hides behind Venus. He constitutes the virile strength, the occult force in her.”

[...]

“The main natural principle of Lucifer is the character of the serpent, the image of knowledge and relative evil; even though it pertains to Hermes-Mercury, one cannot exclude its Venus-phallus-aspect.

Thus, “Lilith” is likewise: “La maitresse du Lucifer,” not so much Lucifer’s mistress but an aspect of him.

Neither is Lucifer the horrid figure that humanity in its naïve imagination wants to make of him. In reality he is beautiful in his dark, apparent obscenity.

Since Lucifer is the energy of darkness, he is the personification and the individualization of the same.

Thus, once again the energy of darkness: that which moves within our shadow life, and what is therefore closely related: the crookedness of things.”

[...]

“If the “shadow life” fills us with dread—due to conceptions of it which we have been given—it is no more than a consequence of our ignorance and our unfamiliarity with it. If we become accustomed to approach it closely, the terror and the emptiness will disappear, or: exist no more.”

[...]

“Thus, Lucifer- Liosber in his entirety is a reality and no illusion, and to worship him, the hunted wolf, is proper. This little book, handed over to the judgement of its readers, will do its part in order for him, the persecuted, to regain his lost, original standing.”

SELECTIONS BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

HYMN TO LUCIFER (UNDATED)

Ware, nor of good nor ill, what aim hath act?
Without its climax, death, what savour hath
Life? an impeccable machine, exact
He paces an inane and pointless path
To glut brute appetites, his sole content
How tedious were he fit to comprehend
Himself! More, this our noble element
Of fire in nature, love in spirit, unkenned
Life hath no spring, no axle, and no end.

His body a bloody-ruby radiant
With noble passion, sun-souled Lucifer
Swept through the dawn colossal, swift aslant
On Eden's imbecile perimeter.
He blessed nonentity with every curse
And spiced with sorrow the dull soul of sense,
Breathed life into the sterile universe,
With Love and Knowledge drove out innocence
The Key of Joy is disobedience.

HYMN TO SATAN (1913)

I adore Thee, King of Evil,
By the body Thou hast fashioned

In the likeness of a devil.
By its purity impassioned

I adore Thee, King of Evil!

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice,
By the soul that Thou hast moulded

Lovely as a lily-chalice
To the sombre sun unfolded.

I adore Thee, Lord of Malice!

By its thirst, the cruel craving
For things infinite, unheard-of,

Dreams devouring and depraving,
Songs no God may guess a word of,

Songs of crime and songs of craving—

By the drear eyes of the devil
Bleak and sterile as they glitter

I adore Thee, King of Evil,
With these lips, as dry and bitter

As the drear eyes of the devil!

I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
I abase myself before Thee,

By the spells that once awoke the
Lust of Chaos I adore Thee,

I adore Thee, I invoke Thee!

FROM *THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS* (1914)

BY ANATOLE FRANCE, TRANS. WILFRID JACKSON

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEREIN IS BEGUN THE GARDENER'S STORY, IN THE COURSE OF WHICH WE SHALL SEE THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD UNFOLDED IN A DISCOURSE AS BROAD AND MAGNIFICENT IN ITS VIEWS AS BOSSUET'S DISCOURSE ON THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE IS NARROW AND DISMAL

The gardener bade Arcade and Zita sit down in an arbour walled with wild bryony, at the far end of the orchard.

"Arcade," said the beautiful Archangel, "Nectaire will perhaps reveal to you to-day the things you are burning to know. Ask him to speak."

Arcade did so and old Nectaire, laying down his pipe, began as follows:—

"I knew him. He was the most beautiful of all the Seraphim. He shone with intelligence and daring. His great heart was big with all the virtues born of pride: frankness, courage, constancy in trial, indomitable hope. Long, long ago, ere Time was, in the boreal sky where gleam the seven magnetic stars, he dwelt in a palace of diamond and gold, where the air was ever tremulous with the beating of wings and with songs of triumph. Iahveh, on his mountain, was jealous of Lucifer. You both know it: angels like unto men feel love and hatred quicken within them. Capable, at times, of generous resolves, they too often follow their own interests and yield to fear. Then, as now, they showed themselves, for the most part, incapable of lofty thoughts, and in the fear of the Lord lay their sole virtue. Lucifer, who held vile things in proud disdain, despised this rabble of commonplace spirits for ever wallowing in a life of feasts and pleasure. But to those who were possessed of a daring spirit, a restless soul, to those fired with a wild love of liberty, he proffered friendship, which was returned with adoration. These latter deserted in a mass the mountain of God and yielded to the Seraph the homage which That Other would fain have kept for himself alone.

"I ranked among the Dominations, and my name, Alaciel, was not unknown to fame. To satisfy my mind—that was ever tormented with an insatiable thirst for knowledge and understanding—I

observed the nature of things, I studied the properties of minerals, air, and water. I sought out the laws which govern nature, solid or ethereal, and after much pondering I perceived that the Universe had not been formed as its pretended Creator would have us believe; I knew that all that exists, exists of itself and not by the caprice of Iahveh; that the world is itself its own creator and the spirit its own God. Henceforth I despised Iahveh for his imposture, and I hated him because he showed himself to be opposed to all that I found desirable and good: liberty, curiosity, doubt. These feelings drew me towards the Seraph. I admired him, I loved him. I dwelt in his light. When at length it appeared that a choice had to be made between him and That Other I ranged myself on the side of Lucifer and knew no other aim than to serve him, no other desire than to share his lot.

"War having become inevitable, he prepared for it with indefatigable vigilance and all the resourcefulness of a far-seeing mind. Making the Thrones and Dominations into Chalybes and Cyclopes, he drew forth iron from the mountains bordering his domain; iron, which he valued more than gold, and forged weapons in the caverns of Heaven. Then in the desert plain of the North he assembled myriads of Spirits, armed them, taught them, and drilled them. Although prepared in secret, the enterprise was too vast for his adversary not to be soon aware of it. It might in truth be said that he had always foreseen and dreaded it, for he had made a citadel of his abode and a warlike host of his angels, and he gave himself the name of the God of Hosts. He made ready his thunderbolts. More than half of the children of Heaven remained faithful to him; thronging round him he beheld obedient souls and patient hearts. The Archangel Michael, who knew not fear, took command of these docile troops. Lucifer, as soon as he saw that his army could gain no more in numbers or in warlike skill, moved it swiftly against the foe, and promising his angels riches and glory marched at their head towards the mountain upon whose summit stands the Throne of the Universe. For three days our host swept onward over the ethereal plains. Above our heads streamed the black standards of revolt. And now, behold, the Mountain of God shone rosy in the orient sky and our chief scanned with his eyes the glittering ramparts. Beneath the sapphire walls the foe was drawn up in battle array, and, while we marched clad in our iron and bronze, they shone resplendent in gold and precious stones.

"Their gonfalons of red and blue floated in the breeze, and lightning flashed from the points of their lances. In a little while the armies were only sundered one from the other by a narrow strip of level and deserted ground, and at this sight even the bravest shuddered as they thought that there in bloody conflict their fate would soon be sealed.

"Angels, as you know, never die. But when bronze and iron, diamond point or flaming sword tear their ethereal substance, the pain they feel is more acute than men may suffer, for their flesh is more exquisitely delicate; and should some essential organ be destroyed, they fall inert and, slowly decomposing, are resolved into clouds and during long æons float insensible in the cold ether. And when at length they resume spirit and form they fail to recover full memory of their past life. Therefore it is but natural that angels shrink from suffering, and the bravest among them is troubled at the thought of being reft of light and sweet remembrance. Were it otherwise the angelic race would know neither the delight of battle nor the glory of sacrifice. Those who, before the beginning of Time, fought in the Empyrean for or against the God of Armies, would have taken part without honour in mock battles, and it would not now become me to say to you, my children, with rightful pride:

"Lo, I was there!"

"Lucifer gave the signal for the onset and led the assault. We fell upon the enemy, thinking to destroy him then and there and carry the sacred citadel at the first onslaught. The soldiers of the jealous God, less fiery, but no whit less firm than ours, remained immovable. The Archangel Michael commanded them with the calmness and resolution of a mighty spirit. Thrice we strove to break through their lines, thrice they opposed to our ironclad breast the flaming points of their lances, swift to pierce the stoutest cuirass. In millions the glorious bodies fell. At length our right wing pierced the enemy's left and we beheld the Principalities, the Powers, the Virtues, the Dominations, and the Thrones turn and flee in full career; while the Angels of the Third Choir, flying distractedly above them, covered them with a snow of feathers mingled with a rain of blood. We sped in pursuit of them amid the débris of chariots and broken weapons, and we spurred their nimble flight. Suddenly a storm of cries amazed us. It grew louder and nearer. With desperate shrieks and triumphal clamour the right wing of the enemy, the giant archangels of the Most High, had flung themselves upon our left flank and broken it. Thus we were forced to abandon the pursuit of the fugitives and hasten to the rescue of our own shattered troops. Our prince flew to rally them, and re-established the conflict. But the left wing of the enemy, whose ruin he had not quite consummated, no longer pressed by lance or arrow, regained courage, returned, and faced us yet again. Night fell upon the dubious field. While under the shelter of darkness, in the still, silent air stirred ever and anon by the moans of the wounded, his forces were resting from their toils, Lucifer began to make ready for the next day's battle. Before dawn the trumpets sounded the reveille. Our warriors surprised the enemy at the hour of prayer, put them to rout, and long and fierce was the

carnage that ensued. When all had either fallen or fled, the Archangel Michael, none with him save a few companions with four wings of flame, still resisted the onslaughts of a countless host. They fell back ceaselessly opposing their breasts to us, and Michael still displayed an impassible countenance. The sun had run a third of its course when we commenced to scale the Mountain of God. An arduous ascent it was: sweat ran from our brows, a dazzling light blinded us. Weighed down with steel, our feathery wings could not sustain us, but hope gave us wings that bore us up. The beautiful Seraph, pointing with glittering hand, mounting ever higher and higher, showed us the way. All day long we slowly clomb the lofty heights which at evening were robed in azure, rose, and violet. The starry host appearing in the sky seemed as the reflection of our own arms. Infinite silence reigned above us. We went on, intoxicated with hope; all at once from the darkened sky lightning darted forth, the thunder muttered, and from the cloudy mountain-top fell fire from Heaven. Our helmets, our breast-plates were running with flames, and our bucklers broke under bolts sped by invisible hands. Lucifer, in the storm of fire, retained his haughty mien. In vain the lightning smote him; mightier than ever he stood erect, and still defied the foe. At length, the thunder, making the mountain totter, flung us down pell-mell, huge fragments of sapphire and ruby crashing down with us as we fell, and we rolled inert, swooning, for a period whose duration none could measure.

"I awoke in a darkness filled with lamentations. And when my eyes had grown accustomed to the dense shadows I saw round me my companions in arms, scattered in thousands on the sulphurous ground, lit by fitful gleams of livid light. My eyes perceived but fields of lava, smoking craters, and poisonous swamps.

"Mountains of ice and shadowy seas shut in the horizon. A brazen sky hung heavy on our brows. And the horror of the place was such that we wept as we sat, crouched elbow on knee, our cheeks resting on our clenched hands.

"But soon, raising my eyes, I beheld the Seraph standing before me like a tower. Over his pristine splendour sorrow had cast its mantle of sombre majesty.

"'Comrades,' said he, 'we must be happy and rejoice, for behold we are delivered from celestial servitude. Here we are free, and it were better to be free in Hell than serve in Heaven. We are not conquered, since the will to conquer is still ours. We have caused the Throne of the jealous God to totter; by our hands it shall fall. Arise, therefore, and be of good heart.'

"Thereupon, at his command, we piled mountain upon mountain and on the topmost peak we reared engines which flung molten rocks against the divine habitations. The celestial host was taken unaware and from the abodes of glory there issued groans and cries of terror. And even then we thought to re-enter in triumph on our high estate, but the Mountain of God was wreathed with lightnings, and thunderbolts, falling on our fortress, crushed it to dust. After this fresh disaster, the Seraph remained awhile in meditation, his head buried in his hands. At length he raised his darkened visage. Now he was Satan, greater than Lucifer. Steadfast and loyal the angels thronged about him.

"Friends,' he said, 'if victory is denied us now, it is because we are neither worthy nor capable of victory. Let us determine wherein we have failed. Nature shall not be ruled, the sceptre of the Universe shall not be grasped, Godhead shall not be won, save by knowledge alone. We must conquer the thunder; to that task we must apply ourselves unwearingly. It is not blind courage (no one this day has shown more courage than have you) which will win us the courts of Heaven; but rather study and reflection. In these silent realms where we are fallen, let us meditate, seeking the hidden causes of things; let us observe the course of Nature; let us pursue her with compelling ardour and all-conquering desire; let us strive to penetrate her infinite grandeur, her infinite minuteness. Let us seek to know when she is barren and when she brings forth fruit; how she makes cold and heat, joy and sorrow, life and death; how she assembles and disperses her elements, how she produces both the light air we breathe and the rocks of diamond and sapphire whence we have been precipitated, the divine fire wherewith we have been scarred and the soaring thought which stirs our minds. Torn with dire wounds, scorched by flame and by ice, let us render thanks to Fate which has sedulously opened our eyes, and let us rejoice at our lot. It is through pain that, suffering a first experience of Nature, we have been roused to know her and to subdue her. When she obeys us we shall be as gods. But even though she hide her mysteries for ever from us, deny us arms and keep the secret of the thunder, we still must needs congratulate ourselves on having known pain, for pain has revealed to us new feelings, more precious and more sweet than those experienced in eternal bliss, and inspired us with love and pity unknown to Heaven.'

"These words of the Seraph changed our hearts and opened up fresh hope to us. Our hearts were filled with a great longing for knowledge and love.

"Meanwhile the Earth was coming into being. Its immense and nebulous orb took on hourly more shape and more certainty of outline. The waters which fed the seaweed, the madrepores and shellfish and bore the light flotilla of the nautilus upon their bosom, no longer covered it in its

entirety; they began to sink into beds, and already continents appeared, where, on the warm slime, amphibious monsters crawled. Then the mountains were overspread with forests, and divers races of animals commenced to feed on the grass, the moss, the berries on the trees, and on the acorns. Then there took possession of cavernous shelters under the rocks, a being who was cunning to wound with a sharpened stone the savage beasts, and by his ruses to overcome the ancient denizens of forest, plain, and mountain.

"Man entered painfully on his kingdom. He was defenceless and naked. His scanty hair afforded him but little protection from the cold. His hands ended in nails too frail to do battle with the claws of wild beasts, but the position of his thumb, in opposition to the rest of his fingers, allowed him easily to grasp the most diverse objects and endowed him with skill in default of strength. Without differing essentially from the rest of the animals, he was more capable than any others of observing and comparing. As he drew from his throat various sounds, it occurred to him to designate by a particular inflexion of the voice whatever impinged upon his mind, and by this sequence of different sounds he was enabled to fix and communicate his ideas. His miserable lot and his painstaking spirit aroused the sympathy of the vanquished angels, who discerned in him an audacity equalling their own, and the germ of the pride that was at once their glory and their bane. They came in large numbers to be near him, to dwell on this young earth whither their wings wafted them in effortless flight. And they took pleasure in sharpening his talents and fostering his genius. They taught him to clothe himself in the skins of wild beasts, to roll stones before the mouths of caves to keep out the tigers and bears. They taught him how to make the flame burst forth by twirling a stick among the dried leaves and to foster the sacred fire upon the hearth. Inspired by the ingenious spirits he dared to cross the rivers in the hollowed trunks of cleft trees, he invented the wheel, the grinding-mill, and the plough; the share tore up the earth and the wound brought forth fruit, and the grain offered to him who ground it divine nourishment. He moulded vessels in clay, and out of the flint he fashioned various tools.

"In fine, taking up our abode among mankind, we consoled them and taught them. We were not always visible to them, but of an evening, at the turn of the road, we would appear to them under forms often strange and weird, at times dignified and charming, and we adopted at will the appearance of a monster of the woods and waters, of a venerable old man, of a beautiful child, or of a woman with broad hips. Sometimes we would mock them in our songs or test their intelligence by some cunning prank. There were certain of us of a rather turbulent humour who loved to tease their women and children, but though lowly folk, they were our brothers, and we were never loath

to come to their aid. Through our care their intelligence developed sufficiently to attain to mistaken ideas, and to acquire erroneous notions of the relations of cause and effect. As they supposed that some magic bond existed between the reality and its counterfeit presentment, they covered the walls of their caves with figures of animals and carved in ivory images of the reindeer and the mammoth in order to secure as prey the creatures they represented. Centuries passed by with infinite slowness while their genius was coming to birth. We sent them happy thoughts in dreams, inspired them to tame the horse, to castrate the bull, to teach the dog to guard the sheep. They created the family and the tribe. It came to pass one day that one of their wandering tribes was assailed by ferocious hunters. Forthwith the young men of the tribe formed an enclosed ring with their chariots, and in it they shut their women, children, old people, cattle, and treasures, and from the platform of their chariots they hurled murderous stones at their assailants. Thus was formed the first city. Born in misery and condemned to do murder by the law of Iahveh, man put his whole heart into doing battle, and to war he was indebted for his noblest virtues. He hallowed with his blood that sacred love of country which should (if man fulfils his destiny to the very end) enfold the whole earth in peace. One of us, Dædalus, brought him the axe, the plumb-line, and the sail. Thus we rendered the existence of mortals less hard and difficult. By the shores of the lakes they built dwellings of osier, where they might enjoy a meditative quiet unknown to the other inhabitants of the earth, and when they had learned to appease their hunger without too painful efforts we breathed into their hearts the love of beauty.

"They raised up pyramids, obelisks, towers, colossal statues which smiled stiff and uncouth, and genetic symbols. Having learnt to know us or trying at least to divine what manner of beings we were, they felt both friendship and fear for us. The wisest among them watched us with sacred awe and pondered our teaching. In their gratitude the people of Greece and of Asia consecrated to us stones, trees, shadowy woods; offered us victims, and sang us hymns; in fact we became gods in their sight, and they called us Horus, Isis, Astarte, Zeus, Cybele, Demeter, and Triptolemus. Satan was worshipped under the names of Evan, Dionysus, Iacchus, and Lenæus. He showed in his various manifestations all the strength and beauty which it is given to mortals to conceive. His eyes had the sweetness of the wood-violet, his lips were brilliant with the ruby-red of the pomegranate, a down finer than the velvet of the peach covered his cheeks and his chin: his fair hair, wound like a diadem and knotted loosely on the crown of his head, was encircled with ivy. He charmed the wild easts, and penetrating into the deep forests drew to him all wild spirits, every thing that climbed in trees and peered through the branches with wild and timid gaze. On all these creatures fierce and fearful, that lived on bitter berries and beneath whose hairy breasts a wild heart

beat, half-human creatures of the woods—on all he bestowed loving-kindness and grace, and they followed him drunk with joy and beauty. He planted the vine and showed mortals how to crush the grapes underfoot to make the wine flow. Magnificent and benign, he fared across the world, a long procession following in his train. To bear him company I took the form of a satyr; from my brow sprang two budding horns. My nose was flat and my ears were pointed. Glands, like those of the goat, hung on my neck, a goat's tail moved with my moving loins, and my hairy legs ended in a black cloven hoof which beat the ground in cadence.

"Dionysus fared on his triumphal march over the world. In his company I passed through Lydia, the Phrygian fields, the scorching plains of Persia, Media bristling with hoar-frost, Arabia Felix, and rich Asia where flourishing cities were laved by the waves of the sea. He proceeded on a car drawn by lions and lynxes, to the sound of flutes, cymbals, and drums, invented for his mysteries. Bacchantes, Thyades, and Mænads, girt with the dappled fawn-skin, waved the thyrsus encircled with ivy. He bore in his train the Satyrs, whose joyous troop I led, Sileni, Pans, and Centaurs. Under his feet flowers and fruit sprang to life, and striking the rocks with his wand he made limpid streams gush forth. In the month of the Vintage he visited Greece, and the villagers ran forth to meet him, stained with the green and ruddy juices of the plants, they wore masks of wood, or bark, or leaves; in their hands they bore earthen cups, and danced wanton dances. Their womenfolk, imitating the companions of the God, their heads wreathed with green smilax, fastened round their supple loins skins of fawn or goat. The virgins twined about their throats garlands of fig leaves, they kneaded cakes of flour, and bore the Phallus in the mystic basket. And the vine-dressers, all daubed with lees of wine, standing up in their wains and bandying mockery or abuse with the passers-by, invented Tragedy.

"Truly, it was not in dreaming beside a fountain, but by dint of strenuous toil that Dionysus taught them to grow plants and to make them bring forth succulent fruits. And while he pondered the art of transforming the rough woodlanders into a race that should love music and submit to just laws, more than once over his brow, burning with the fire of enthusiasm, did melancholy and gloomy fever pass. But his profound knowledge and his friendship for mankind enabled him to triumph over every obstacle. O days divine! Beautiful dawn of life! We led the Bacchanals on the leafy summits of the mountains and on the yellow shores of the seas. The Naiads and the Oreads mingled with us at our play. Aphrodite at our coming rose from the foam of the sea to smile upon us."

CHAPTER XXXV

AND LAST, WHEREIN THE SUBLIME DREAM OF SATAN IS UNFOLDED

LIMBING the seven steep terraces which rise up from the bed of the Ganges to the temples muffled in creepers, the five angels reached, by half-obliterated paths, the wild garden filled with perfumed clusters of grapes and chattering monkeys, and, at the far end thereof, they discovered him whom they had come to seek. The archangel lay with his elbow on black cushions embroidered with golden flames. At his feet crouched lions and gazelles. Twined in the trees, tame serpents turned on him their friendly gaze. At the sight of his angelic visitors his face grew melancholy. Long since, in the days when, with his brow crowned with grapes and his sceptre of vine-leaves in his hand, he had taught and comforted mankind, his heart had many times been heavy with sorrow; but never yet, since his glorious downfall, had his beautiful face expressed such pain and anguish.

Zita told him of the black standards assembled in crowds in all the waste places of the globe; of the deliverance premeditated and prepared in the provinces of Heaven, where the first revolt had long ago been fomented.

"Prince," she went on, "your army awaits you. Come, lead it on to victory."

"Friends," replied the great archangel, "I was aware of the object of your visit. Baskets of fruit and honeycombs await you under the shade of this mighty tree. The sun is about to descend into the roseate waters of the Sacred River. When you have eaten, you will slumber pleasantly in this garden, where the joys of the intellect and of the senses have reigned since the day when I drove hence the spirit of the old Demiurge. To-morrow I will give you my answer."

Night hung its blue over the garden. Satan fell asleep. He had a dream, and in that dream, soaring over the earth, he saw it covered with angels in revolt, beautiful as gods, whose eyes darted lightning. And from pole to pole one single cry, formed of a myriad cries, mounted towards him, filled with hope and love. And Satan said:

"Let us go forth! Let us seek the ancient adversary in his high abode." And he led the countless host of angels over the celestial plains. And Satan was cognizant of what took place in the heavenly citadel. When news of this second revolt came thither, the Father said to the Son:

"The irreconcilable foe is rising once again. Let us take heed to ourselves, and in this, our time of danger, look to our defences, lest we lose our high abode."

And the Son, consubstantial with the Father, replied:

"We shall triumph under the sign that gave Constantine the victory."

Indignation burst forth on the Mountain of God. At first the faithful Seraphim condemned the rebels to terrible torture, but afterwards decided on doing battle with them. The anger burning in the hearts of all inflamed each countenance. They did not doubt of victory, but treachery was feared, and eternal darkness had been at once decreed for spies and alarmists.

There was shouting and singing of ancient hymns and praise of the Almighty. They drank of the mystic wine. Courage, over-inflated, came near to giving way, and a secret anxiety stole into the inner depths of their souls. The archangel Michael took supreme command. He reassured their minds by his serenity. His countenance, wherein his soul was visible, expressed contempt for danger. By his orders, the chiefs of the thunderbolts, the Kerûbs, grown dull with the long interval of peace, paced with heavy steps the ramparts of the Holy Mountain, and, letting the gaze of their bovine eyes wander over the glittering clouds of their Lord, strove to place the divine batteries in position. After inspecting the defences, they swore to the Most High that all was in readiness. They took counsel together as to the plan they should follow. Michael was for the offensive. He, as a consummate soldier, said it was the supreme law. Attack, or be attacked,—there was no middle course.

"Moreover," he added, "the offensive attitude is particularly suitable to the ardour of the Thrones and Dominations."

Beyond that, it was impossible to obtain a word from the valiant chief, and this silence seemed the mark of a genius sure of himself.

As soon as the approach of the enemy was announced, Michael sent forth three armies to meet them, commanded by the archangels Uriel, Raphael, and Gabriel. Standards, displaying all the colours of the Orient, were unfurled above the ethereal plains, and the thunders rolled over the starry floors. For three days and three nights was the lot of the terrible and adorable armies unknown on the Mountain of God. Towards dawn on the fourth day news came, but it was vague and confused. There were rumours of indecisive victories; of the triumph now of this side, now of that. There came reports of glorious deeds which were dissipated in a few hours.

The thunderbolts of Raphael, hurled against the rebels, had, it was said, consumed entire squadrons. The troops commanded by the impure Zita were thought to have been swallowed up in

the whirlwind of a tempest of fire. It was believed that the savage Istar had been flung headlong into the gulf of perdition so suddenly that the blasphemies begun in his mouth had been forced backwards with explosive results. It was popularly supposed that Satan, laden with chains of adamant, had been plunged once again into the abyss. Meanwhile, the commanders of the three armies had sent no messages. Mutterings and murmurs, mingling with the rumours of glory, gave rise to fears of an indecisive battle, a precipitate retreat. Insolent voices gave out that a spirit of the lowest category, a guardian angel, the insignificant Arcade, had checked and routed the dazzling host of the three great archangels.

There were also rumours of wholesale defection in the Seventh Heaven, where rebellion had broken out before the beginning of Time, and some had even seen black clouds of impious angels joining the armies of the rebels on Earth. But no one lent an ear to the odious rumours, and stress was laid on the news of victory which ran from lip to lip, each statement readily finding confirmation. The high places resounded with hymns of joy; the Seraphim celebrated on harp and psaltery Sabaoth, God of Thunder. The voices of the elect united with those of the angels in glorifying the Invisible and at the thought of the bloodshed that the ministers of holy wrath had caused among the rebels, sighs of relief and jubilation were wafted from the Heavenly Jerusalem towards the Most High. But the beatitude of the most blessed, having swelled to the utmost limit before due time, could increase no more, and the very excess of their felicity completely dulled their senses.

The songs had not yet ceased when the guards watching on the ramparts signalled the approach of the first fugitives of the divine army; Seraphim on tattered wing, flying in disorder, maimed Kerûbs going on three feet. With impassive gaze, Michael, prince of warriors, measured the extent of the disaster, and his keen intelligence penetrated its causes. The armies of the living God had taken the offensive, but by one of those fatalities in war which disconcert the plans of the greatest captains, the enemy had also taken the offensive, and the effect was evident. Scarcely were the gates of the citadel opened to receive the glorious but shattered remnants of the three armies, when a rain of fire fell on the Mountain of God. Satan's army was not yet in sight, but the walls of topaz, the cupolas of emerald, the roofs of diamond, all fell in with an appalling crash under the discharge of the electrophores. The ancient thunderclouds essayed to reply, but the bolts fell short, and their thunders were lost in the deserted plains of the skies.

Smitten by an invisible foe, the faithful angels abandoned the ramparts. Michael went to announce to his God that the Holy Mountain would fall into the hands of the demon in twenty-four hours,

and that nothing remained for the Master of the Heavens but to seek safety in flight. The Seraphim placed the jewels of the celestial crown in coffers. Michael offered his arm to the Queen of Heaven, and the Holy Family escaped from the palace by a subterranean passage of porphyry. A deluge of fire was falling on the citadel. Regaining his post once more, the glorious archangel declared that he would never capitulate, and straightway advanced the standards of the living God. That same evening the rebel host made its entry into the thrice-sacred city. On a fiery steed Satan led his demons. Behind him marched Arcade, Istar, and Zita. As in the ancient revels of Dionysus, old Nectaire bestrode his ass. Thereafter, floating out far behind, followed the black standards.

The garrison laid down their arms before Satan. Michael placed his flaming sword at the feet of the conquering archangel.

"Take back your sword, Michael," said Satan. "It is Lucifer who yields it to you. Bear it in defence of peace and law." Then letting his gaze fall on the leaders of the celestial cohorts, he cried in a ringing voice:

"Archangel Michael, and you, Powers, Thrones, and Dominations, swear all of you to be faithful to your God."

"We swear it," they replied with one voice.

And Satan said:

"Powers, Thrones, and Dominations, of all past wars, I wish but to remember the invincible courage that you displayed and the loyalty which you rendered to authority, for these assure me of the steadfastness of the fealty you have just sworn to me."

The following day, on the ethereal plain, Satan commanded the black standards to be distributed to the troops, and the winged soldiers covered them with kisses and bedewed them with tears.

And Satan had himself crowned God. Thronging round the glittering walls of Heavenly Jerusalem, apostles, pontiffs, virgins, martyrs, confessors, the whole company of the elect, who during the fierce battle had enjoyed delightful tranquillity, tasted infinite joy in the spectacle of the coronation.

The elect saw with ravishment the Most High precipitated into Hell, and Satan seated on the throne of the Lord. In conformity with the will of God which had cut them off from sorrow they sang in the ancient fashion the praises of their new Master.

And Satan, piercing space with his keen glance, contemplated the little globe of earth and water where of old he had planted the vine and formed the first tragic chorus. And he fixed his gaze on that Rome where the fallen God had founded his empire on fraud and lie. Nevertheless, at that moment a saint ruled over the Church. Satan saw him praying and weeping. And he said to him:

"To thee I entrust my Spouse. Watch over her faithfully. In thee I confirm the right and power to decide matters of doctrine, to regulate the use of the sacraments, to make laws and to uphold purity of morals. And the faithful shall be under obligation to conform thereto. My Church is eternal, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Thou art infallible. Nothing is changed."

And the successor of the apostles felt flooded with rapture. He prostrated himself, and with his forehead touching the floor, replied:

"O Lord, my God, I recognise Thy voice! Thy breath has been wafted like balm to my heart. Blessed be Thy name. Thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And Satan found pleasure in praise and in the exercise of his grace; he loved to hear his wisdom and his power belauded. He listened with joy to the canticles of the cherubim who celebrated his good deeds, and he took no pleasure in listening to Nectaire's flute, because it celebrated nature's self, yielded to the insect and to the blade of grass their share of power and love, and counselled happiness and freedom. Satan, whose flesh had crept, in days gone by, at the idea that suffering prevailed in the world, now felt himself inaccessible to pity. He regarded suffering and death as the happy results of omnipotence and sovereign kindness. And the savour of the blood of victims rose upward towards him like sweet incense. He fell to condemning intelligence and to hating curiosity. He himself refused to learn anything more, for fear that in acquiring fresh knowledge he might let it be seen that he had not known everything at the very outset. He took pleasure in mystery, and believing that he would seem less great by being understood, he affected to be unintelligible. Dense fumes of Theology filled his brain. One day, following the example of his predecessor, he conceived the notion of proclaiming himself one god in three persons. Seeing Arcade smile as this proclamation was made, he drove him from his presence. Istar and Zita had long since returned to earth. Thus centuries passed like seconds. Now, one day, from the altitude of his throne, he plunged his gaze into the depths of the pit and saw Ialdabaoth in the Gehenna where he himself had long lain enchained. Amid the everlasting gloom Ialdabaoth still retained his lofty mien. Blackened and shattered, terrible and sublime, he glanced upwards at the palace of the King of Heaven with a look of proud disdain, then turned away his head. And the new god, as he

looked upon his foe, beheld the light of intelligence and love pass across his sorrow-stricken countenance. And lo! Ialdabaoth was now contemplating the Earth and, seeing it sunk in wickedness and suffering, he began to foster thoughts of kindness in his heart. On a sudden he rose up, and beating the ether with his mighty arms, as though with oars, he hastened thither to instruct and to console mankind. Already his vast shadow shed upon the unhappy planet a shade soft as a night of love.

And Satan awoke bathed in an icy sweat.

Nectaire, Istar, Arcade, and Zita were standing round him. The finches were singing.

"Comrades," said the great archangel, "no—we will not conquer the heavens. Enough to have the power. War engenders war, and victory defeat.

"God, conquered, will become Satan; Satan, conquering, will become God. May the fates spare me this terrible lot; I love the Hell which formed my genius. I love the Earth where I have done some good, if it be possible to do any good in this fearful world where beings live but by rapine. Now, thanks to us, the god of old is dispossessed of his terrestrial empire, and every thinking being on this globe disdains him or knows him not. But what matter that men should be no longer submissive to Ialdabaoth if the spirit of Ialdabaoth is still in them; if they, like him, are jealous, violent, quarrelsome, and greedy, and the foes of the arts and of beauty? What matter that they have rejected the ferocious Demiurge, if they do not hearken to the friendly demons who teach all truths; to Dionysus, Apollo, and the Muses? As to ourselves, celestial spirits, sublime demons, we have destroyed Ialdabaoth, our Tyrant, if in ourselves we have destroyed Ignorance and Fear."

And Satan, turning to the gardener, said:

"Nectaire, you fought with me before the birth of the world. We were conquered because we failed to understand that Victory is a Spirit, and that it is in ourselves and in ourselves alone that we must attack and destroy Ialdabaoth."

FROM SEVEN SERMONS TO THE DEAD (1916)

BY CARL JUNG

SERMO III

Like mists arising from a marsh, the dead came near and cried: *Speak further unto us concerning the supreme god.*

Hard to know is the deity of Abraxas. Its power is the greatest, because man perceiveth it not. From the sun he draweth the *summum bonum*; from the devil the *infimum malum*; but from Abraxas LIFE, altogether indefinite, the mother of good and evil.

Smaller and weaker life seemeth to be than the *summum bonum*; wherefore is it also hard to conceive that Abraxas transcendeth even the sun in power, who is himself the radiant source of all the force of life.

Abraxas is the sun, and at the same time the eternally sucking gorge of the void, the belittling and dismembering devil.

The power of Abraxas is twofold; but ye see it not, because for your eyes the warring opposites of this power are extinguished.

What the god-sun speaketh is life.

What the devil speaketh is death.

But Abraxas speaketh that hallowed and accursed word which is life and death at the same time.

Abraxas begetteth truth and lying, good and evil, light and darkness, in the same word and in the same act. Wherefore is Abraxas terrible.

It is splendid as the lion in the instant he striketh down his victim. It is beautiful as a day of spring. It is the great Pan himself and also the small one. It is Priapos.

It is the monster of the under-world, a thousand-armed polyp, coiled knot of winged serpents, frenzy.

It is the hermaphrodite of the earliest beginning.

It is the lord of the toads and frogs, which live in the water and go up on the land, whose chorus ascendeth at noon and at midnight.

It is abundance that seeketh union with emptiness.

It is holy begetting.

It is love and love's murder.

It is the saint and his betrayer.

It is the brightest light of day and the darkest night of madness.

To look upon it, is blindness.

To know it, is sickness.

To worship it, is death.

To fear it, is wisdom.

To resist it not, is redemption.

God dwelleth behind the sun, the devil behind the night. What god bringeth forth out of the light the devil sucketh into the night. But Abraxas is the world, its becoming and its passing. Upon every gift that cometh from the god-sun the devil layeth his curse.

Everything that ye entreat from the god-sun begetteth a deed of the devil.

Everything that ye create with the god-sun giveth effective power to the devil.

That is terrible Abraxas.

It is the mightiest creature, and in it the creature is afraid of itself.

It is the manifest opposition of creatura to the pleroma and its nothingness.

It is the son's horror of the mother.

It is the mother's love for the son.

It is the delight of the earth and the cruelty of the heavens.

Before its countenance man becometh like stone.

Before it there is no question and no reply.

It is the life of creatura.

It is the operation of distinctiveness.

It is the love of man.

It is the speech of man.

It is the appearance and the shadow of man.

It is illusory reality.

Now the dead howled and raged, for they were unperfected.